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Volume CCXXXIV No. 3047 The SPHERE, London, August 23, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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A RED ROSE FOR THE QUEEN—A PRESENTATION AT DUNOON, IN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE: Her Majesty accepts the red rose from Major Michael Campbell, Captain of Dunstaffnage, during her tour of Clyde coast resorts. The dark crimson rose was presented to her as a token rent on behalf of the Duke of Argyll, who is Hereditary Keeper of Dunoon Castle for the Sovereign. The tradition was inaugurated by James III of Scotland in 1472 when he gave a charter to the Clan Campbell.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne are now in residence at Balmoral Castle. They arrived earlier this week and were to be joined on Wednesday by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. The Queen and her family had travelled from Southampton in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* and while cruising along the West Coast paid several visits ashore to Welsh and Scottish towns. When they arrived in the Clyde Her Majesty and Prince Philip spent a day visiting coastal resorts, calling first at Dunoon, where they were met by Mr. John Maclay, Secretary of State for Scotland. At Dunoon Castle the Queen received the token rent offered by the Hereditary Keeper of the Castle. This takes the form of a red rose and was offered in the absence of the Duke of Argyll by the Captain of Dunstaffnage. The rose had been picked from the garden of Inveraray Castle, the home of the Duke. Later in the same day the Royal visitors toured Rothesay Castle and called at Campbeltown. H.M.Y. *Britannia* then continued her voyage to Fort William. (Further pictures from Scotland, as well as a preview of the Edinburgh Festival, are on pages 278-283.)

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IN A BUSY LOCK ON THE THAMES: Craft of various kinds are tied up in Shepperton Lock, in Middlesex, waiting for the level of the water to be adjusted. August is generally regarded as the peak period for traffic through the many locks of the Thames. Holidays on the water are increasing in popularity, and lock-keepers are being kept exceptionally busy this month.

A COMET MAKES THE FASTEST TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING BY AN AIRLINER: At t Comet 4 airliner prepares to land at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, after maki 540 m.p.h. The previous fastest was by a Bristol Britannia belonging New York for final noise tests at Idlewild Airport. In command of the aircra

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

At the General Assembly.—The great debate on the Middle East in the General Assembly which opened on August 13 was generally expected to result in no concrete agreements and to air a great deal of dirty linen. The West had been jockeyed into a battle position as unfavourable to its arms and methods as was Culloden to Prince Charles. "Butcher" Cumberland was in a position to make the most of his forces and technique. Mr. Eisenhower, at the eleventh hour, came to that conclusion and weighed in personally with a strong and constructive speech and, as a sop to the Arab nationalist vote, announced a last-minute decision to begin a token withdrawal of American forces from the Lebanon. Resolutions passed by satisfactory majorities of the General Assembly seldom lead to satisfactory or concrete results. Usually they do no more than indicate world opinion—in praise or censure—on conditions beyond the power of nations to amend. On this occasion the voting was likely to be much more equally divided, and only a theoretical or ideal proposal of economic aid to the poorest nations of the Middle East seemed likely to win a big majority vote.

Mr. Eisenhower's Initiative.—Russia went to the Assembly with more allies than ever before and Mr. Eisenhower was right to snatch what initiative he could at the start of the debate. But oil on the troubled waters could hardly be the line for him to take. The West doesn't mention oil as a factor in its concern for the Middle East. But it recognises that if it needs oil, it must pay even more for it than hitherto, and must sign the cheque with a flourish of practical sympathy with the under-nourished. The President's six points—which he hoped might "do some good," were: that the U.N. must show practical concern for the Lebanon and for Jordan. And, indeed, these two are vital points for the West. For these are our last strong-points—small islands in the Sea of the Arab world; and if American and British troops are withdrawn and the U.N. has nothing with which to replace them, the Governments which Western arms are bolstering up will soon fall and the "islands" be submerged. For the rest, an end made to external trouble-making is vague enough; a U.N. police force is hardly less vague. Police force or observer team enlarged? Instantly ready to act on U.N. orders or a paper force to be slowly assembled? A regional economic development plan to help the under-developed States? Surely a long-term remedy, even if endorsed in theory. And for that matter, Egypt, the political leader and the chief "have-not" economically, must take the lion's share of Western aid and use it to diddle the West out of its last pockets of resistance. Steps to avoid a new arms race? What *new* steps? But—for good—America and Britain appear to see eye to eye.

To be a Premier.—I think none of Mr. Macmillan's journeys in search of peace has struck the public more favourably than his surprise decision to drop in on Cyprus on his way home from Ankara. What his recent visits to Greece, Turkey and Cyprus have achieved remains to be seen. His own zeal for the cause is fully proved. It has long been said that a man who accepts the office of Premier or Foreign Secretary must first of all be as fit as an international athlete and, superimposed on physical fitness, he must possess the priceless qualities of thought-switching and sleep-snatching. Those qualities enabled Winston Churchill for years on end to work round the clock and carry imponderable responsibilities. The lack of them destroyed the health of more than one modern Premier and Foreign Secretary. We have had in our time Premiers by nature indolent, by nature anxious and diffident, tough and nervous, vulnerable and thick-skinned. Certainly to-day the office and its duties, which no other men may undertake as deputies, are a certain cure for indolence and a mighty test of physical robustness. To be perpetually flying over the world's face, sometimes at twelve hours' notice, would deter most of us from grasping the rare fruit with its thorns. At this moment, Mr. Macmillan's reputation stands very high in the country and it is not surprising if the Leader of the Opposition has become a shadowy figure. The man in office is the man of action, and whether his decisions prove right or wrong, actions speak louder than words and get the headlines. The Shadow Premier is nothing but a talking machine. The Premier's P.R.O. might do worse, if he keeps his eye on the next General Election, than prepare a statistical table of the Premier's working week during the past three months; the hours spent at Cabinet meetings and in the House, the hours spent in the air and in overseas countries in conference, and so on. The result would show that a modern Premier's life is no forty-hour-week of work. Yet the doctor's warning and the history books are not to be dismissed as bunk.

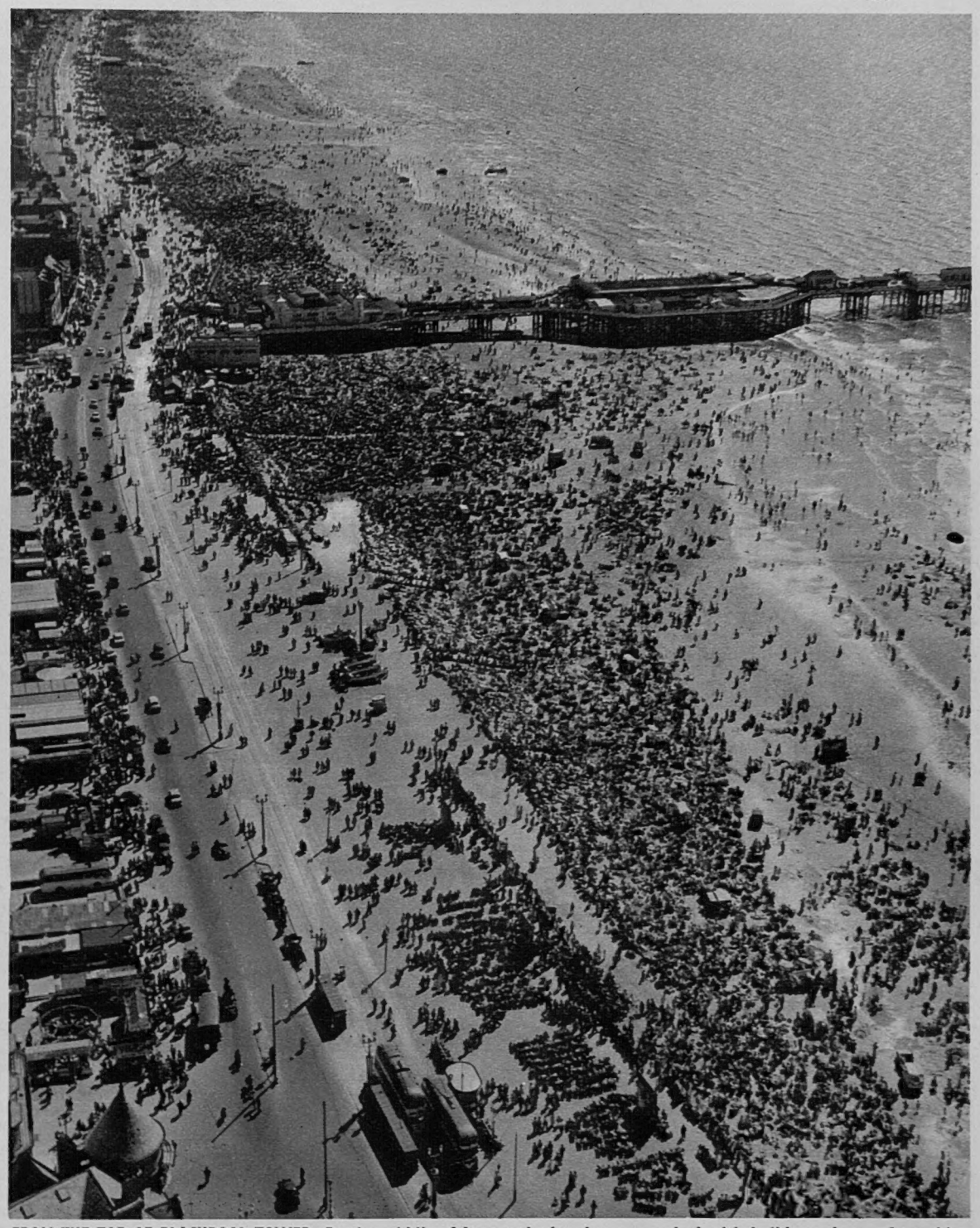
Recess.—Parliament is in recess until late October. Then they return for a ceremony of prorogation and disappear again until November comes in with the televised ceremony of Session opening and Queen's speech. For three months, therefore, we shall be without benefit of Parliament, and some say that makes no odds, though all admit that the times are dark and dangerous. Those who say it makes no odds if the light shines in the tower or doesn't, declare that the Government nowadays pays no heed at all to Parliament and that, even when the House is sitting, it is given only a chance of shadow-boxing over a *fait accompli* on the gravest decisions. Right or wrong, the Government has committed the nation, and the people's representatives—the voice of the nation—have only the opportunity of signing on the dotted line or refusing to sign, and the Whips make sure that there will be enough signatures to approve the *fait accompli*. And even those who refuse to sign, do so half-heartedly because, in the general ignorance and fog, they can never be sure which way the cat will jump, into the frying-pan or into the fire. The nation, therefore, need never admit a share of responsibility for grave political decisions made. It was never given a chance to weigh the pros and cons. Yet only a month ago, Mr. Gaitskell, speaking with great solemnity, warned the Government that it might be the Opposition's duty to demand the recall of the House if no definite arrangements for a Summit Conference had been made in the next fortnight or so. In that case, he felt, a new situation would have arisen. It surely has. The Government is more interested in Cyprus. Summits are out. Where is Mr. Gaitskell? Still shadow-boxing in the provinces or on the Continent?

Radiation Risks.—The best news which I got from reading reports of the U.N. Scientific Committee's report on atomic radiation results was the humble admission of scientists' total ignorance of the subject. Existing data can give us some facts. Man-made nuclear explosions since the last war have amounted to 190, in the proportions of seven by America to three by Russia and one by Britain. From natural and other lesser man-made "explosions," humanity has long since been exposed to considerable and estimable "doses" of radiation. The 190 post-war weapon-tests have only increased those doses by a total of perhaps 0·02 per cent., an almost negligible increase. There is one incurable disease believed to be caused by natural radiation and it attacks a negligible percentage of the 3,000,000,000 world population. If tests were to go on indefinitely, the number of these cases due to tests might increase the total of victims enormously, but the figure would still be a fraction of 1 per cent. Why worry then? Why not go on exploding *ad lib.*? The answer is that is that science has not yet any data by which to estimate the effect on posterity of all forms of radiation. The atomic powers decided to increase the dose blindly without counting the cost or consulting the oracles. The oracles came in on the deal and now confess that they came in blind and would rather like to halt the juggernaut. But the atomic Governments at the moment think it safer to let it spin on. Posterity be damned. The juggernaut is believed to be a good night-watchman for living men and the children must take their chance.

U.S.A. Catches Up.—The achievement of the U.S. *Nautilus* is hailed as the complete answer to the Soviet *sputnik*. I wonder if that is the best way to measure that

d of its record-breaking flight from New York a de Havilland e journey in 6 hrs. 28 mins., at an average speed of e Israeli airline—7 hrs. 44 mins. The Comet had flown to as Mr. John Cunningham, de Havilland's chief test pilot.

heroic voyage, the happiest marriage of human courage with scientific knowledge. To steer a blind ship for four days under the ice in uncharted waters, to travel 1,800 miles submerged to find a shorter passage between Eastern and Western hemispheres under the North Pole, that was the feat of Commander Anderson and his crew, who left Pearl Harbour on July 22 and emerged from the ice-pack on the Greenwich meridian last week, and later entered Portland in triumph. It needs no frills to rank the voyage among the greatest of pioneer explorations in history. Already apparently the feat has been repeated. "The news comes at a timely moment for the U.S.A." Why is that? With China sabre-rattling and the Russians preparing a new political offensive, this fillip to prestige will be more than useful. The nuclear-powered submarine has shown that it can be an effective base for firing nuclear guided missiles to enemy territory at short range. That proof is no doubt a fillip for the U.S. in the cold war, but cold-war fillips and threats seem to get us nowhere, and I wonder whether, if the courage of men and the genius of science could sometimes be directed towards achieving the greater *security* of the territories of the nations of the world, instead of proving their greater vulnerability, we should not move a little closer to the Summit and to international sanity. After all, most of the political troubles which bedevil our world to-day are due to the fears of nations for the security of their own territories from attack.

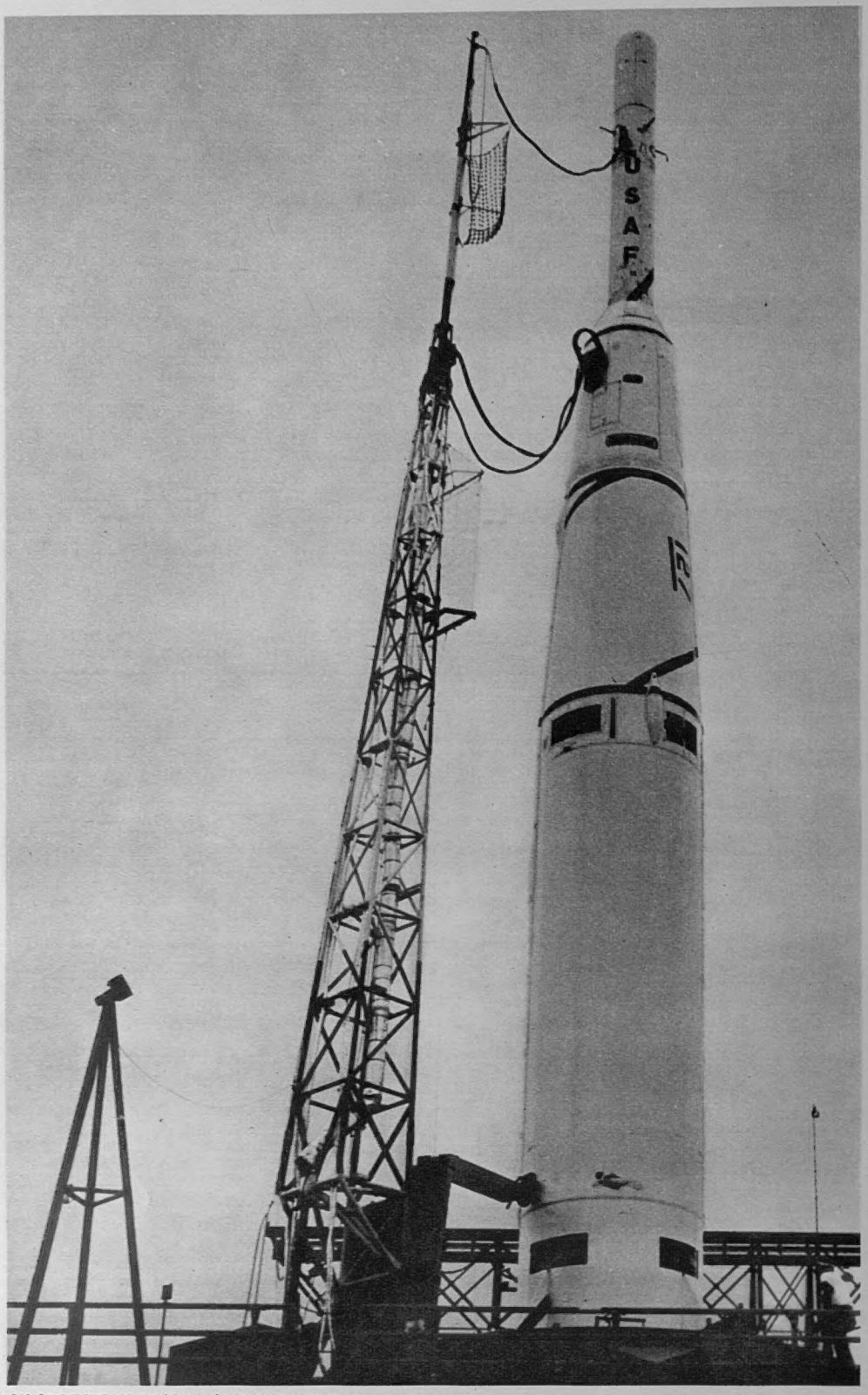


FROM THE TOP OF BLACKPOOL TOWER: By the middle of August the beaches are packed with holidaymakers. Some idea of the density of the crowds along the stretch of sands to the south is obtained from this picture, which also shows the trams running along the front. There are three piers and altogether seven miles of promenades.

Oxford Does It.—When, in July 1957, Oxford put out its appeal for £1,750,000 to preserve her historic and crumbling colleges and buildings from decay, many people thought that she opened her mouth too wide. And for some months, indeed, progress was slow, and the response from graduates was a trickle, almost amounting to a proof of indifference. But duplicated and repeated appeals, and the fruits of the energy of a few leading men devoted to the project, helped to bring in generous offers and donations from outside bodies all over the world. The Ford Foundation and the British Treasury between them were practically responsible for finding three-sevenths of the target, and many other corporations, charitable trusts, distant Governments and overseas benefactors rallied to the name of Oxford. The secret none could utter was found to be common knowledge over the world's face. And that, indeed, is as it should be. Oxford is a *pars major* of world civilisation. I knew roughly how many living graduates received the Appeal. I greatly wished to know what proportion of them responded with donations large or small, and what proportion of the target was made up from the sum of their donations. I have read that only 25 per cent. responded, but that the sum of their contributions gave an individual contribution average of over £30, an astonishingly high figure. Yet had the secret none can utter been known only to those who enjoyed Oxford's education and amenities, I suppose this great appeal must have been added to her lost causes. I doubt if a quarter of the target would have been reached by 1960 from her alumni alone. I recall that, when the first of four appeals which reached me (I sent my mite by return post with the first), there lay on my table appeals for donations from my private school, my public school, my college and from three missions. Not all "widows" possess a magic cruse. In generosity, "High Heaven" may "reject the law of nicely calculated less or more." Mr. Bloodsucker is stricter.

ACHT RACES FOR SCHOOLCHILDREN: Fireflies compete at Woolverstone, in Suffolk, in this year's races for the Keeling Cup and the Keeling Bowl. Entry for the trophies, presented by the Royal Harwich Y.C., is limited to schoolboys and girls.

Coming Clean.—Last week the Litter Act came into force. Two months earlier the Clean Air Act (1956) also came into force. Both of them are full of admirable regulations designed to preserve the amenities and beauty of the countryside and the health of all who live or work in built-up areas where traffic is congested and industrial fumes concentrated. Just as it is impossible to make people good by Act of Parliament, so is it impossible to make them litter-conscious or fume-conscious. The power of an Act of Parliament lies in its tail, where the sting resides. The drafters may draft the noblest and wisest principles and ideals, but the effectiveness of the Act rests with those who must enforce it. If fines or other penalties are severe and frequent enough, the public at long last will begin to find that cleanliness pays. The old lag who has spent the best years of his life in jug, usually, at the end of it, admits that honesty is the best policy. But it is costly and slow work to operate the sting in the tail of an Act of Parliament. The litter fiend must first be caught. The police can't be everywhere. The private citizen, prepared to waste a day's work (and risk the charge of being a snooper or busybody) to bring a miscreant to book, is reluctant, and magistrates are often prone to dismiss such charges as oppressive or trivial. So, too, with motor fumes, not least from diesel oil. There is no sign that after eight weeks of practice, prosecutions for emission of noxious fumes have begun to impart to those who are breaking a new law any consciousness that law-breaking doesn't pay. "Coming clean" is a process which will need months and perhaps years to show progress. You can't even educate people by Act of Parliament, even to the Eleven Plus standard. All that a statute can do is to pay teachers to make the attempt. Education in citizenship is a post-graduate course. OLD STAGER



AN ATTEMPT TO RECONNOITRE THE MOON: On the launching pad at Cape Canaveral, in Florida, just before launching, is the gigantic three-stage rocket which, it was hoped, would send a small instrument container into orbit round the moon. On last Sunday this first American attempt ended in failure. Scientists at the site had estimated their chances of success at no more than one in ten.

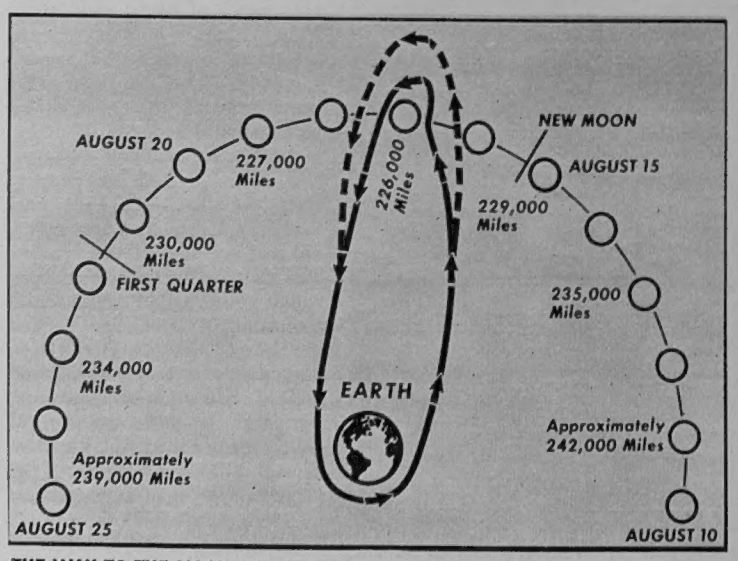
IN BILLOWS OF SMOKE: The U.S. Air Force composite rocket is lifted moon rocket. *On right*—The 88-ft.-high rocket, trailing a stre white gantry, rolled away from the launching pad after the f

An unexpected puff of smoke 77 seconds after launching indicated t failure of the first U.S. Air Force attempt to put a small instrumentati container in orbit round the moon. It was at about 60,000 ft. that the gigan three-stage missile disintegrated high above the launching pad at Ca Canaveral, in Florida. The bare official announcement read, "The Space t vehicle launched at the Atlantic missile range at 0718 Eastern Standard Ti (1.18 p.m. B.S.T.) this morning [last Sunday] exploded after 77 second flight. The cause of the malfunction will not be known until telemetry da has been processed. The United States will schedule another space flig experiment at a later date." A successful rocket to the moon would have cover about 226,000 miles under favourable conditions on a journey takin about two-and-a-half days.

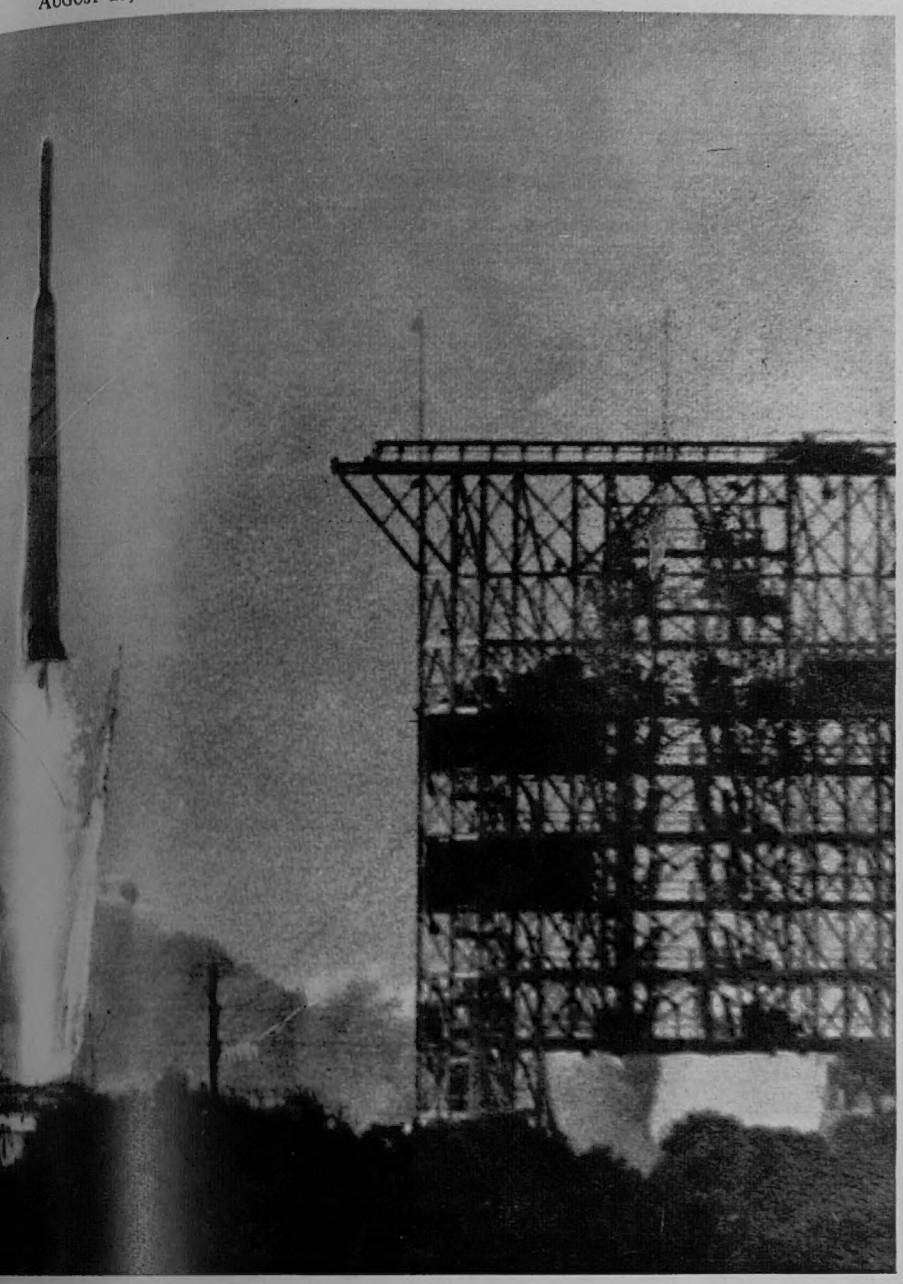
A failure in the Thor intermediate-range missile, forming the first sta of the missile, caused the explosion. It should have burned for anoth

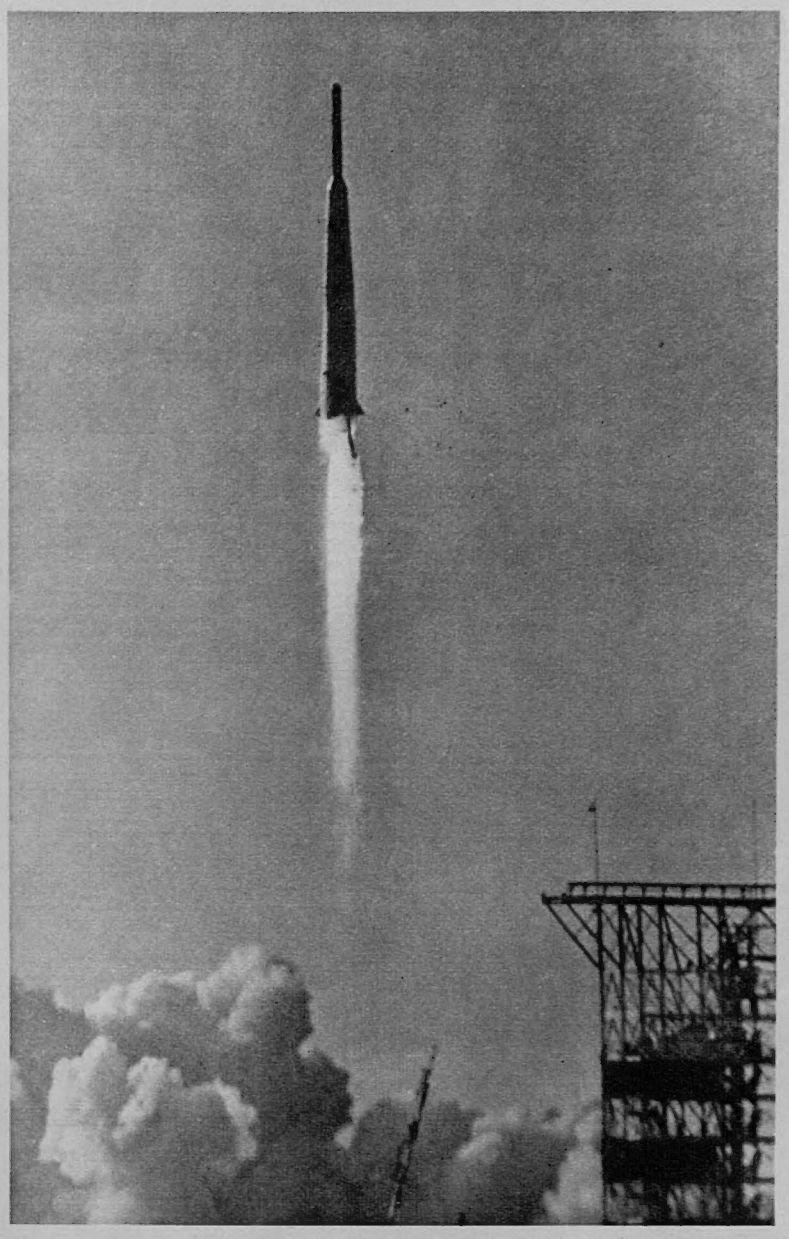
THE U.S. MOON ROCKET EXPLODES

THE FOURTH STAGE OF THE ROCKET: A technician adjusts instrumentation components in the final stage; it was this part that would have orbited round the moon.



THE WAY TO THE MOON: This drawing shows the approximate distance from the earth to the moon between August 10 and August 25. Gravitational attraction might deflect the rocket into the path shown by the solid line.

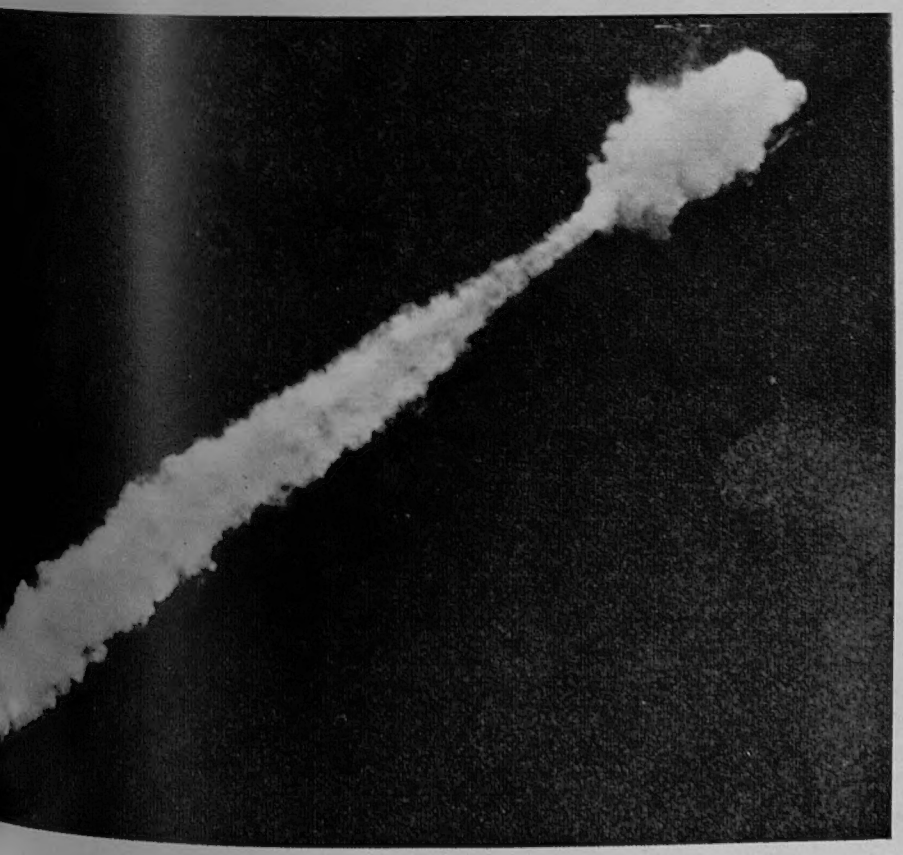


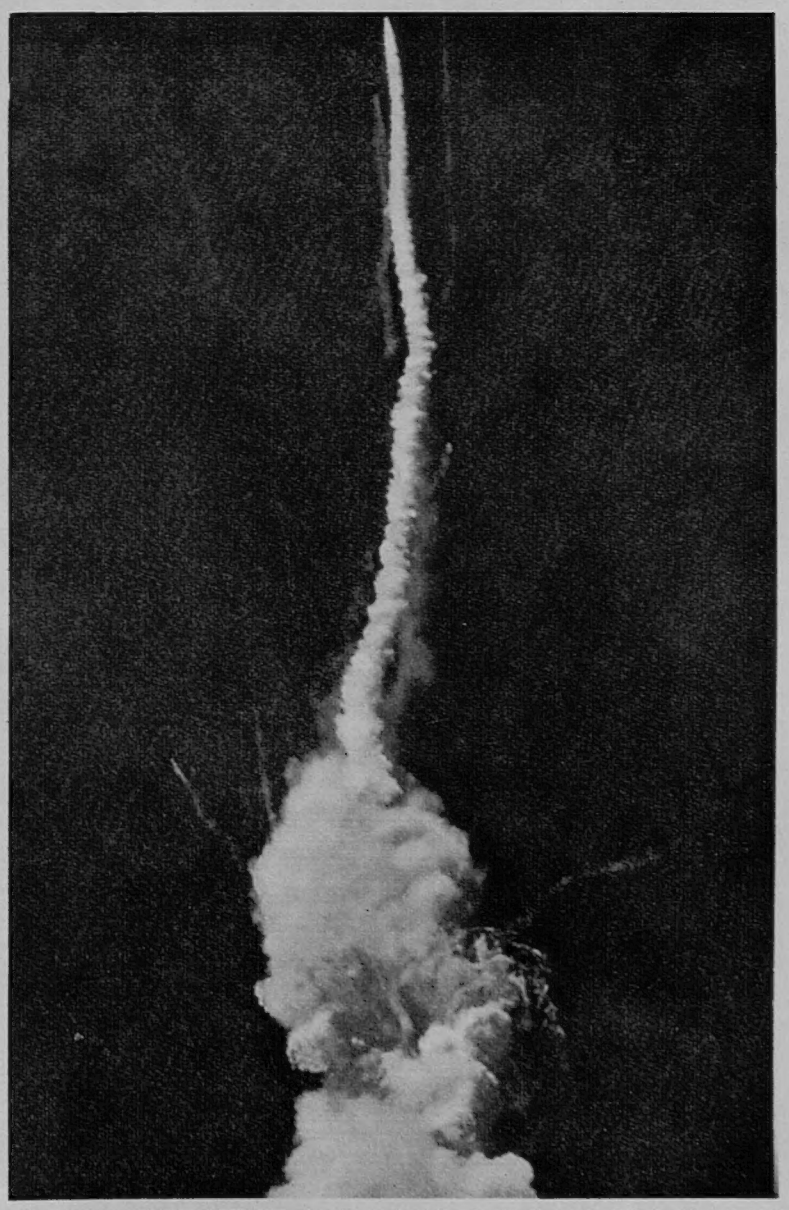


launching pad by the Thor intermediate-range ballistic missile forming the first part of the brilliant flame, accelerates away on its journey. On the right in both pictures is the red and ecking was completed. Another attempt by the U.S. Air Force is expected in mid-September.

) seconds and then fallen away to leave the two upper stages and the instrument container on the ose to continue on the journey. The composite missile, about 88 ft. high, was constructed out the Thor missile, with, on top of it, an Aerojet-General, a 12-ft. rocket, designed as a second stage r the U.S. Navy's Vanguard. On top of this was a new solid-fuel rocket also designed for the anguard, which had not even been test fired. On the nose rested the instrument container, shaped ke a spinning top, about 30 ins. in diameter and weighing 85 lb.

Another attempt by the United States Air Force is thought likely in mid-September when the oon will again be in an appropriate phase. It will again carry an electronic scanning device to ansmit rough pictures back to the earth of the other side of the moon, which has never been seen. ocket engines at present require that the missile is fired in an easterly direction to take advantage the rotation of the earth, which adds another 1,000 m.p.h. to the speed. There is only one period uring the day when Cape Canaveral is in the correct relation to the position of the moon, allowing r a journey of about two-and-a-half days. Given differing orbital angles of the earth and moon relation to the sun, there are only three or four days in the month when an attempt can be made.





THE FAILURE OF THE ATTEMPT: At the end of the trail of smoke left by the rocket is a puff of smoke, where the missile started to break up after 77 seconds. *On left*—The Thor-Able missile disintegrates. The thin column of smoke shows the instrument package continuing for a few seconds after the explosion.

"GLORIOUS TWELFTH"

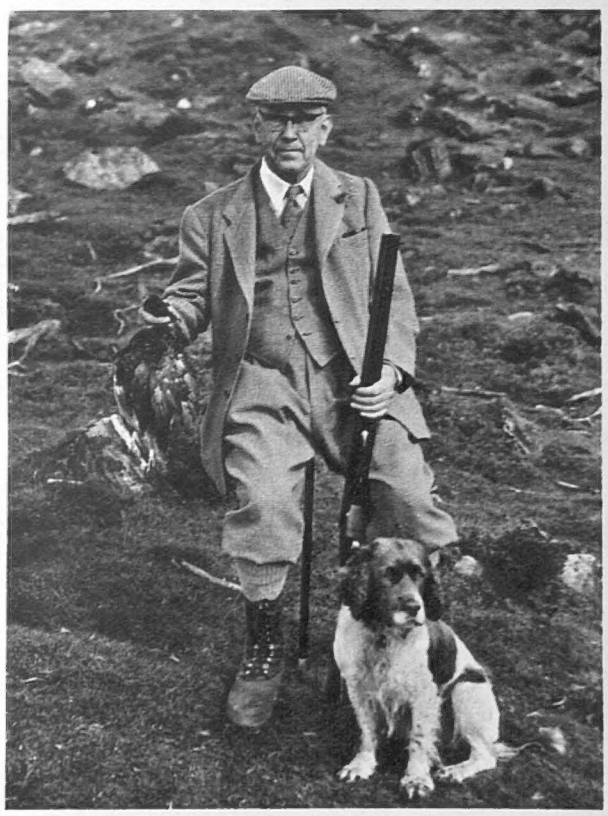
Because of Bad Weather, Parties Were Fewer than Usual on the First Day of the Season's Grouse Shooting

THE "GLORIOUS TWELFTH" IN SCOTLAND: *Left*—**After shooting her first bird during the opening of the grouse-shooting season near Kirkmichael, in Perthshire, Mrs. Richard Croft is "blooded" by her husband.** *Right*—**The party, on their way to the moors, comprise Mr. and Mrs. Webster Todd and their three children, from New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. Croft and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tegner, from Northumberland. In most parts of the country, the opening of the season was disappointing and prospects for the immediate future are not bright.** Bad weather conditions in the early part of the year stunted the heather and killed many of the young birds. As a result of this, there were very few organised shoots on the opening day, and those that did go out were greeted by driving mist on sodden moors. This year's best prospects for grouse shooting are the moors in Scotland.

On right—

A PAUSE IN THE DAY'S SPORT: Mr. R. C. Faulconer, sitting in the foreground, watches one of the gamekeepers checking the bag during the shoot held at Dirnanean, Strath Ardle, Perthshire. Until the wet of May and June, some parts of Perthshire looked for a bumper year and although the weather was kind on the opening day, the first shoots had not very much to show for it.

A HELPING HAND: A labrador retrieves a grouse shot by his master, Mr. I. A. Judd, a member of the party on the moors at Dirnanean. With the exception of a few areas where the sun shone on the opening day, the moors were lightly shot.



HOST OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN IN SCOTLAND: Mr. Donald A. F. Donald, chairman and managing director of the National Cash Register Company Limited, is seen with the first brace of grouse bagged during the shoot on the Grandtully moors.

ON THE EARL OF SWINTON'S CLOSTERDALE MOORS, IN YORKSHIRE: The host, second from the left, walks with his party which includes Lieut.-Colonel Sir Michael Adeane, private secretary to the Queen (left), Lord Masham, Major and Mrs. David Jamieson, Mr. R. W. Thompson, Mr. Christopher Yorke and Miss Wanda Thompson. All over the country bags were very much smaller than is usual for the first day.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY: He is speaking in New York at the opening of the emergency session on the Middle East. Behind him Sir Leslie Munro, New Zealand, is presiding and at the left of the Presidential rostrum is Mr. Hammarskjöld, the Secretary-General. Mr. Eisenhower outlined a six-point peace plan for the Middle East. He was followed by Mr. Gromyko, the Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union, who, having engaged in the inevitable verbal attacks on Britain and the United States, declared that Russia was ready to enter into negotiations with those two countries to bring about a Middle East settlement. On the next day Mr. Selwyn Lloyd called for the creation of the right conditions under which Britain and America could withdraw from Jordan and Lebanon.

A CONFERENCE IN THE LOBBIES OF THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING: From left are Omar Loufti, permanent delegate of the United Arab Republic at the United Nations; Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister; Mahmoud Fawzi, Foreign Minister of the U.A.R., and Mr. Sobolev, permanent delegate of Russia. After the set speeches to the Assembly in the middle of last week, there was great activity behind the scenes in the lobbies over the week-end. The purpose of the many informal conferences was to find some formula for a settlement in the Middle East which would be acceptable to both the Western and the Soviet blocs. For this reason the votes of the uncommitted neutrals were considered to be most important.

A VISITOR TO CAIRO: Crown Prince Feisal, Premier of Saudi Arabia, talks with the President of the United Arab Republic. On left is Anwar el Sadat, Secretary-General of the U.A.R. National Union.

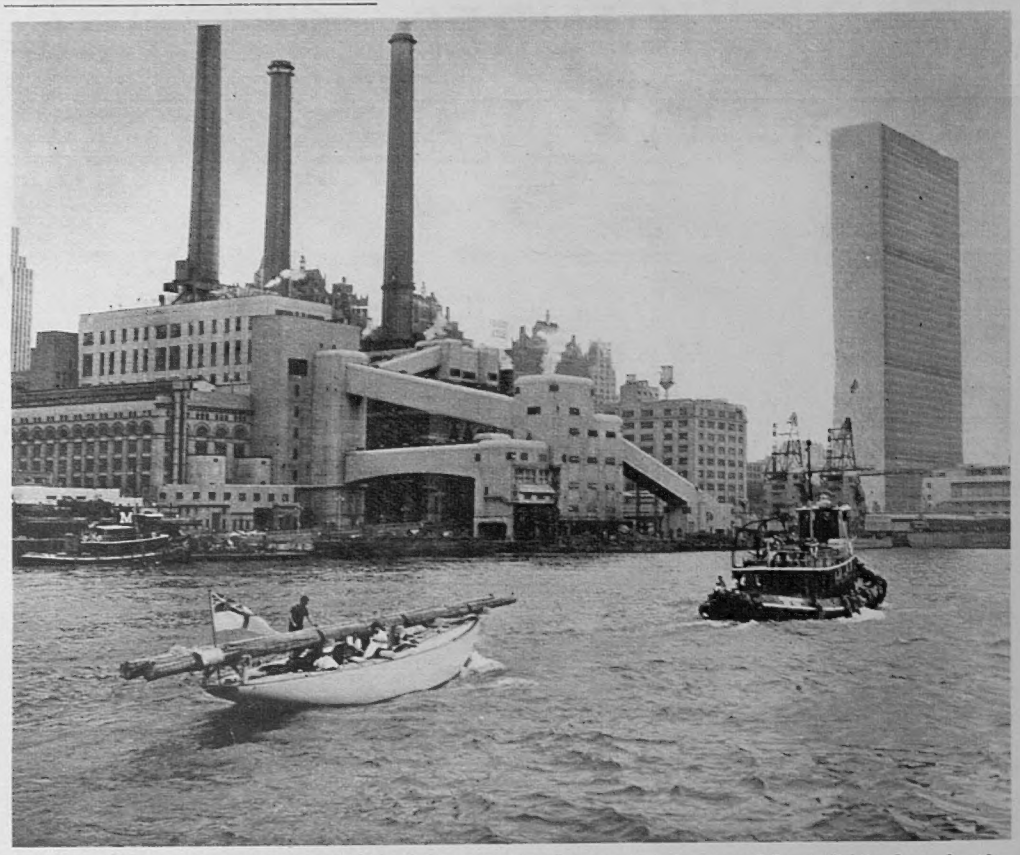
AMERICAN TROOPS WITHDRAWN FROM LEBANON: Kitbags are piled on the shore at Khaldi, near Beirut, as an armoured vehicle makes its way towards a landing craft and another on the beach waits to follow. The American Government announced the withdrawal of some 1,500 marines from Lebanon on the day on which President Eisenhower was addressing the General Assembly of the U.N. The men embarked with all their equipment and were reported to have sailed in ships of the Sixth Fleet "out of sight over the horizon."

THE WOUNDED REFUGEE-GUNMAN: Sandor Nagy is carried on a stretcher out of the Hungarian Legation in Berne. He had serious wounds to the head and spine. The "hold-up" by the two Hungarians recalled the incident in 1955 when six Rumanian exiles made an armed attack on the Rumanian Legation in the Swiss city and the Legation chauffeur was killed.

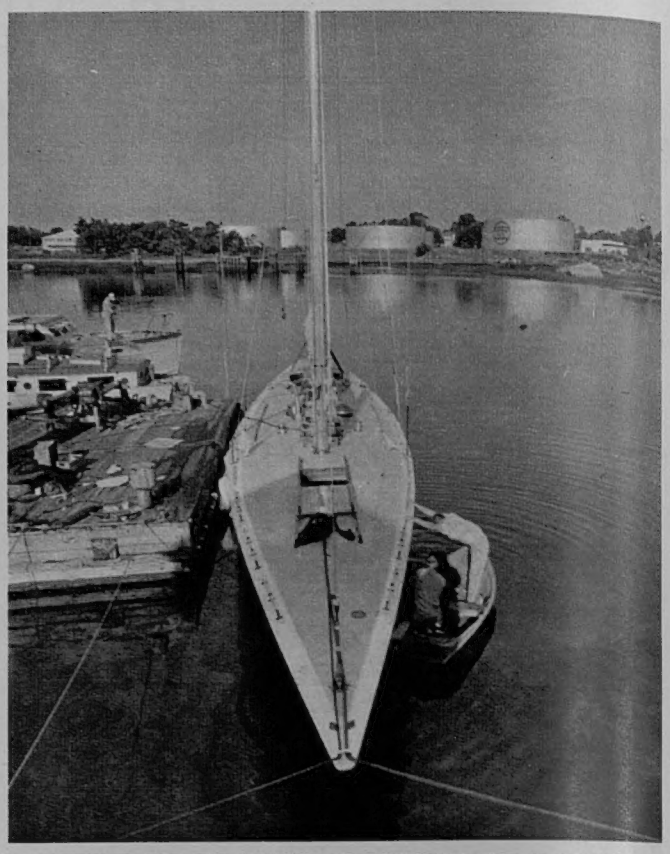
On left—

A GUN BATTLE IN BERNE: With a handkerchief covering most of his face, Endre Papp is led by a detective from the Hungarian Legation. Papp was one of the two young Hungarians granted asylum in Switzerland in 1957 who last Saturday entered the Hungarian building, held up some of the staff at pistol point and started shooting. Swiss police were summoned and a gun battle ensued in which the other refugee, Sandor Nagy, was seriously wounded. The Swiss authorities strongly rejected the Hungarian protest that Switzerland had any responsibility for the incident. The cause, said the Swiss, was to be found in the internal state of Hungary.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



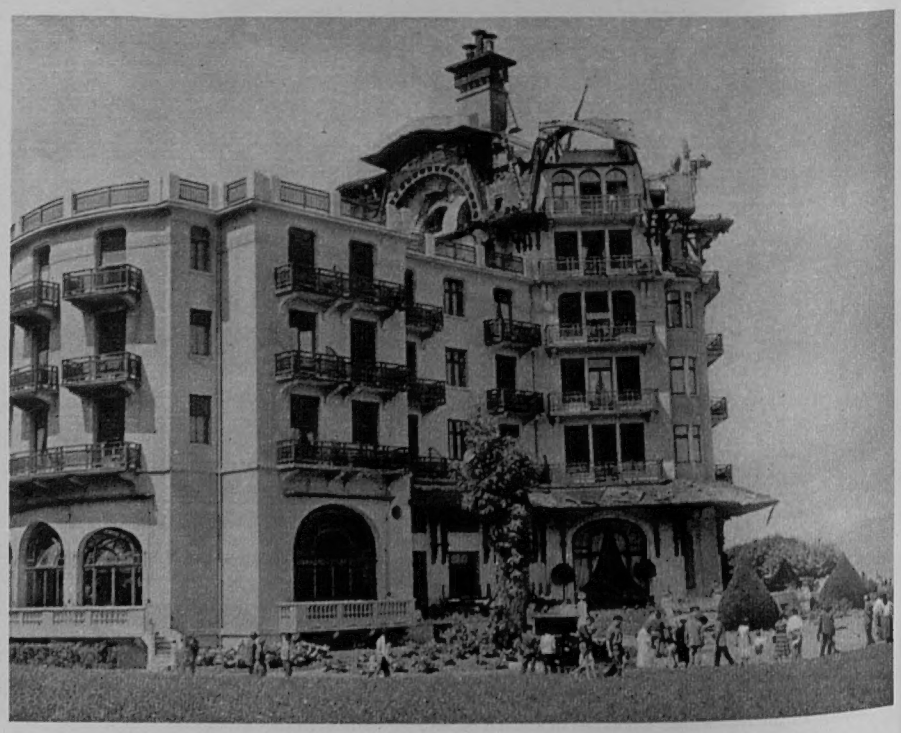
THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER IN NEW YORK: Britain's *Sceptre* is being towed from the harbour by the tug *William J. Moran* and is bound for Stamford, Connecticut. She had arrived in New York in the Cunard freighter *Alsatia* from Southampton. At Stamford her mast was stepped in Luders yard and on Sunday last she moved to Newport, Rhode Island, the venue for the America's Cup races in September. She was expected early this week to start trials with her sparring partner, the American yacht *Gleam*.



A CONTENDER FOR THE HONOUR OF DEFENDING THE AMERICA'S CUP: *Weatherly* has her hull washed down at Stamford, Connecticut. She is one of the four American yachts engaged in trials off Newport, R.I., to decide which shall be the defender against *Sceptre*'s challenge. The other three craft are *Vim*, *Columbia* and *Easterner*.

THE NATIONAL TOWN CRIERS' CHAMPIONSHIP: In the seaside town of Hastings, in Sussex, one of the twenty-one competitors in this year's championships is watched by a large crowd of holidaymakers. In his hand he holds the traditional handbell. From an entry of criers from all parts of England, the winner was Herbert Waldron, the town crier of Great Torrington, in Devon, who retained the title he gained last year. The entrants were dressed in traditional costumes similar to those of their predecessors.

IN THE SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS OF AN AIR CRASH: The French trawler *Jules Verne* arrives at Galway, in Eire, flying its tricolour at half-mast. She had taken part in the search for the survivors of the K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines Super Constellation which crashed in the Atlantic last week. The trawler brought back nine bodies. Altogether thirty-four bodies were found by the fleet of vessels which searched the area. No survivors were found out of the ninety-nine people on board the airliner. It is thought that the cause of the disaster was a violent explosion.



A FIRE AT THE ROYAL HOTEL AT EVIAN: Smoke and flames billow from the top floors of the famous hotel in Evian, near the Swiss frontier, during a fire last week. *On right*—In daylight the damage caused to the upper parts of the hotel is clearly visible. Over 200 tourists had to be evacuated during the night. The damage caused by the flames is estimated at more than £800,000.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TRAVEL CHAOS AFTER A TRAIN DERAILMENT NEAR LONDON BRIDGE: A general view of the area of the crash shows the raising of one of the coaches derailed on Bedale Street Bridge, near Southwark Cathedral. The accident was caused by the derailment of the two rear coaches of the 6.25 a.m. Sanderstead to Cannon Street train at Borough Market, one of the world's busiest rail junctions, 200 yards west of London Bridge Railway station. The derailment occurred just before 7.30 a.m. at a point where the line from London Bridge branches for Cannon Street, Waterloo (East) and Charing Cross. The three stations were closed throughout the day. About 85,000 people from South-East London and Kent who normally use these stations between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m. had to use London Bridge, which also was handling its own huge crowd of passengers.

On right—

ONE OF THE DERAILED COACHES: It has come to rest on its side on Bedale Street Bridge. Nearby is a set of torn-off bogies. Six people were taken to hospital, but none of them was detained.

THE RULER OF QATAR IN LONDON: Sheikh Ali bin Abdulla al Thani shakes hands with Mr. Macmillan on leaving No. 10, Downing Street, where he had had discussions with the Premier. The ruler of Qatar had arrived in London from Geneva for a four-day visit to Britain as a guest of the Government. Before meeting Mr. Macmillan he had seen Mr. Ormsby Gore, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, at the Foreign Office. Sheikh Ali bin Abdulla al Thani's visit to London was originally planned for July. It was cancelled when he entered a clinic in Montreux for a medical check-up.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL: Rear-Admiral Americo Tomaz takes the salute at the march-past of the Guard of Honour at the National Assembly Palace in Lisbon, during the ceremonies in which he was installed as President of the Portuguese Republic. In the elections held in June, Rear-Admiral Tomaz, who was the candidate of the National Union Party, was elected by a large majority.

NATIONALISATION OF THE PORT OF COLOMBO: Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, Prime Minister of Ceylon, addresses a large gathering of Cabinet Ministers, diplomats and port workers on the occasion of ceremonies held at Delft Quay to mark the nationalisation of the Port of Colombo. The nationalisation follows a year of continual strikes by labourers working in the port. In all, a total of 340 were staged—the highest number ever recorded. The port is now in the care of the Port Cargo Corporation. After the Prime Minister's speech, celebrations were held throughout the day.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF GHANA ON TOUR: Dr. Kwame Nkrumah (wearing a white suit and standing on the dais) watches a parade of women's voluntary organisations during his three-day visit to Kumasi, the capital of the Ashanti Region of Ghana. It was his first visit in four years. While in Kumasi, the Prime Minister carried out a full programme, which included a visit to the Kumasi College of Technology, the Kumasi Central Hospital and the Asante Cultural Centre. On his return to Accra, he stopped at several stations, where local chiefs welcomed him.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE PRIME MINISTER ON HIS SURPRISE VISIT TO CYPRUS: Mr. Macmillan, escorted by Brigadier J. A. J. Read, Commander of the Third Independent Infantry Brigade, visits the Third Battalion, the Grenadier Guards. *On right*—The Prime Minister holds a Press Conference at Government House, near Nicosia. Seated behind him (on his left in a dark suit) is Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of the island. Mr. Macmillan was on his way home to Britain from Ankara when he paid his unexpected visit to Cyprus. He saw British military chiefs in Nicosia and at the Episcopi Base, headquarters of Middle East land and air forces. After visiting troops engaged in operations against EOKA in East Cyprus, he met Greek and Turkish Cypriot leaders at Government House. It was widely believed in the Island that the Prime Minister had urged both the Greek and Turkish Governments to support a "cooling off" period for seven years.

GERMAN FLEET EXERCISES: Sailing in line ahead, minesweepers of the Federal Navy steam out of Kiel, on the Baltic coast, to take part in the biggest post-war German naval manœuvres in the North and Baltic seas. A total of forty vessels is engaged in the exercise. The Federal Navy's only destroyer, two submarines and a flotilla of speed-boats also left Kiel to participate. Others in the exercise included a torpedo-boat squadron.

AT THE BRUSSELS WORLD FAIR: Accompanying Mr. Yoroshilov, President of the Soviet Union, is, on the left, Prince Albert of Liège. On the wall of the Soviet Pavilion is a photograph of Bolshoi Ballet dancers.

PREPARING FOR THE REFERENDUM CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE: The Communist Party's building in Paris is covered with streamers and posters. The streamer (top) reads, "XIVth anniversary of the Liberation." The poster on the left says, "As in 1944, No to the dictatorship." At a Cabinet Council meeting last week under General de Gaulle's chairmanship it was decided that the referendum campaign would formally open on September 7, three weeks before the vote, and that arrangements for political campaigning would be defined by decrees based on those for similar occasions in the past. It was also decided that postal voting for absent holidaymakers would not be allowed. On Thursday of last week the Consultative Constitutional Committee accepted the draft constitution, without substantial alteration.

AMERICAN WHEAT FOR THE LEBANON: Mr. Robert McClintock, U.S. Ambassador to the Lebanon (in the centre, wearing dark glasses), pours grain into the outstretched hand of Khazem el-Khalil, Lebanese Minister for National Economy. The latter officially received the first shipment of 3,500 tons of wheat which arrived at Beirut recently, carried by the American ship *Moline Victory*: 65,000 tons of wheat has been donated by the U.S. Government. At the same time as President Eisenhower was addressing the Emergency Meeting of the U.N. General Assembly in New York, one U.S. Marines Battalion was withdrawn from Lebanon to a point a few miles over the horizon on board the Sixth Fleet. Two battalions of Marines and 12,000 soldiers of the American Army were then left in Lebanon.

World Affairs

The Meaning of Indirect Aggression

By JOHN CONNELL

In the vocabulary of international affairs there is a plenitude of cant phrases. The stock is in a constant state of flux: old phrases are discarded, new ones invented and publicised. I grew up at the time when any action of Hitler's or Mussolini's was "tantamount to a rebuff." Has any official spokesman or correspondent used that impressive arrangement of words for the last twenty years or so? It is my impression that they were laughed into oblivion by Beachcomber and Timothy Shy.

This year, every speech and every despatch on international affairs, in order to be in the fashion, has had to contain a number of references to "indirect aggression." Ask any of its users to define it, and after the usual blank stare of sheer outrage at the thought of being questioned, he is likely to reply curtly, "Well, my dear fellow, take the example of the Lebanon, or Jordan. . . ."

The concept has, in fact, a certain bleak validity and relevance, but it is being grossly overworked. The *Spectator* has subjected it to the kind of critical analysis which Dr. Leavis accords to the work of writers of whom he disapproves, and has reached the verdict that it is, "at least as applied to the Arab countries and outlined by the American and British Governments, bogus through and through."

It is doubtful whether young King Hussein of Jordan, who has endured assault after assault by the United Arab Republic in recent months and is (with his whole family) in the gravest perpetual danger of assassination, would agree with that verdict or would believe that it has been reached by any process of objective analysis. The small, prosperous, once-peaceful Republic of the Lebanon has been torn apart by forces which had their arms and their backing from outside the country's borders. In Iraq scores of innocent people have been murdered, and a hundred or so more await trial by a special military tribunal. There was a carefully planned break-out from captivity in Israel of a group of extremely dangerous Arab and Egyptian prisoners, who escaped across the border into Jordan. Is there any common factor in all these happenings? Do they or do they not bear any relation to the diplomatic somersaults which Mr. Khrushchev has recently performed, or to the propaganda poured out, day after day, hour after hour, by Colonel Nasser's radio stations in Cairo and Damascus?

Those who summarily condemn the concept of "indirect aggression" are themselves just as guilty of hypocrisy and the use of loose, cant phrases. How many times in the past month or two have we been told that the Western Powers must "come to terms with dynamic Arab nationalism," and that their misfortunes in the Middle East spring from their previous failure to do so?

In my view the most dangerous, as well as the most dishonourable, element in Western policy—if we dare describe it as a policy—towards the Middle East is the persistent, grovelling effort to do just this, to come to terms, any terms so long as we go on getting our oil, with Arab nationalism. We have repeatedly shown that, in order to attain this aim, which we are persuaded is highly desirable, we are willing to betray our friends, to smirch their memory when they are dead and scurry to get into the good books of their murderous, usurping successors.

Few spectacles of recent times have been more nauseating than that of Mr. Robert Murphy, never the most lovable of American diplomatists, a man steeped in the philosophy and practice of appeasement, sitting in the ante-chambers of General Kassem in Bagdad and Colonel Nasser in Cairo, swallowing their insults as readily as he ignored their misdeeds, and in due course putting out glowingly optimistic communiqués—all in the cause of "coming to terms with dynamic Arab nationalism." A week or two ago Mr. Anthony Head, the former Minister of Defence, submitted to questioning about his views on the Middle East crisis by four journalists, including myself, in front of the television cameras. When he applauded the British and American decision to accord recognition to the new Iraqi Government, I uttered the single word of protest, "Murderers!" and Mr. Head and my colleagues were equally shocked at my tactlessness.

So far as I could, I have made it clear, over many years, that I disliked and distrusted the policy of trying to come to terms with the old, non-revolutionary (if you like, non-dynamic) kind of Arab nationalism. I had as little love for the old *pashas* as for the young *effendim* who have murdered and supplanted them. I hated the bowing and scraping that went on in dusty Bagdad salons, and in the Mahomet Ali Club in Cairo, which I believed to be manifestations of a profound misunderstanding of the true relationship between Britain and Egypt and the other Arab nations. But now that every one of the unfortunates, who for one motive or another identified themselves with our interests in these countries, is either dead or in imminent danger of death, I am sickened beyond words by the shameless haste with which we, and the Americans, are striving to come to terms with the national-socialist régimes which have come chaotically into being as the result of our folly and timorousness.

How do you come to terms with an irreconcilable enemy who—whatever lies he tells for temporary, tactical reasons—has no other strategic aim than your full and final defeat? The answer of members of the coming-to-terms school of thought is that Arab nationalism, as represented by the United Arab Republic and the new régime in Iraq, is not an irreconcilable enemy, and that if we appease its demands it will be at least friendly enough to make arrangements with us about the purchase of oil and the passage of our ships—well, such ships as it does not blacklist—through the Suez Canal. In order to sustain their arguments they hoard a few formal and equivocal though technically unobjectionable observations, of the kind that any demagogue feels impelled occasionally to utter (Hitler had quite a stock of them), as a penurious old spinster hoards sixpenny-bits. And they parade them with a pride which would be pitiful if it were not so plausible and so perilous. Look, they cry, Nasser says he wants to live at peace with the West so long as the West is willing to live at peace with him. How statesmanlike, how generous.

FACING INDIRECT AGGRESSION: King Hussein of Jordan addresses units of the Arab Legion at a camp in Jordan. His country has been subject for some months to indirect aggression from the United Arab Republic.

What self-deluding nonsense. Set these poor little trivialities against the vast torrent of hostility in deeds as well as in words, and it may be possible to see the matter in its proper proportions. Consider what Nasser has done in six years to damage our material interests and destroy our prestige, influence and authority, and reflect on the rest of the programme which this vain, ambitious dictator has proclaimed for himself and is striving to fulfil. Ponder the aims which he has never attempted to disguise, and think how many of them in 1952 appeared to have even a remote possibility of achievement.

The coming-to-terms school of thought argues that if the millions of Arabs, separated in small, artificially-created States throughout a considerable but generally contiguous area of the world's surface, desire to come together in some form of union, it is not our business to oppose such a project, but rather to assist and encourage it and be on its side. This was precisely the desire of millions of Germans—good, industrious, civilised, cultured Germans—from the middle of the nineteenth century onwards. Look at the battered, impoverished shell of its former self that Europe is nowadays, because of the Germans' effort to accomplish this desire; and consider the moral and material havoc which, from Louvain to Dachau, was wreaked in the course of that effort.

A leading exponent of the idea of coming to terms recently argued with me—his eloquence was as formidable as his premises were ill-founded—that Nasser is the Arabs' Bismarck, not their Hitler. This seemed to me a distinction without a difference. Across the path towards the establishment of a great united Germany (whether it was a Hohenzollern Empire or a Nazi Third Reich) there always stood certain obstacles—the Austro-Hungarian Empire, for example, and later the succession States of Czechoslovakia and Austria; France for close on a century, and a free, resurgent Poland for twenty years. It may be as easy for Nasser, and in the eyes of the appeasers as unreprehensible, to swallow up formerly independent Arab nations, as it was for successive Prussian conquerors to bring the sovereign States of the old Germanic Federation under their hegemony. But he has his obstacles, too: republican Turkey, which is the rump, successor State of the old Ottoman Empire; Algérie Française; and a free, resurgent Israel.

One of the dangerous and imponderable factors of nineteenth-century international politics was the attitude of Czarist Russia, in the throes of its slow emergence from the Middle Ages, towards the major problems of Europe, principally Prussian aspirations. Czarist Russia was a vague threat; the Soviet Union is a gigantic, articulate menace, whose rulers have harnessed the Marxist theories of world revolution to the aims of Russian expansionism. They regard Arab nationalism in the Middle East as one of the principal instruments in the fulfilment of their long-term purposes. This is harsh, proven fact. Our weakness, our retreat and our disunity let them into the Middle East. Their support of Nasser's aims, of the aims of all the diverse conspiracies of young, *bourgeois* revolutionaries, is a policy of naked self-interest, whose most recent—and in some ways most sinister—analogy is the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact. They believe that they can get all they want in the Middle East, not by any process of direct military conquest but by indirect aggression. This is the real definition of this much-abused phrase.

As a technique of war, indirect aggression is exercised in a number of ways. Its tactics are largely worked out by Nasser and his ex-Nazi or Spanish Falangist advisers; its strategy is the Soviet Union's. Its barrage of radio propaganda is persistent and clamorous and it brings practical results, to an extent which astonishes and dismays those who are aware of the comparative failure of this weapon in other sectors of the conflict between the Soviet Union and the West.

The explanation of this success is found in the Arab temperament, in the ineradicable Arab belief that, if you say loudly and persuasively enough that you have done something, you have, in fact, done it. Nasser has had his failures as well as his victories—the crushing defeat at Israel's hands in Sinai was one, the failure to overthrow the Republic of the Sudan was another—but so long as the roll of his successes can be paraded loudly enough, the reverses can be ignored.

The successes continue, and they are nearly all the product of indirect aggression. Iraq has proclaimed her complete identity of view with the United Arab Republic. How long King Hussein will survive in Jordan, what will be the future of President Chehab in the Lebanon, are matters for sombre speculation. But the major aims of contemporary Arab nationalism, which accord fully with those of the Soviet Union, remain unchanged. They are the total destruction of Israel, the removal of every trace of Western (above all, British) influence and interest in the whole region, and the establishment and perfection of a system of ransom for oil and for the use of the great traditional world highways. There can in the end be no more appeasing of these aims than there could be any true appeasement of Nazi aims in 1938. We must defeat them or go down in ruins.

THE CAPTAIN COMES ABOARD : Commander W. R. Anderson rejoins the *Nautilus*, the U.S. atomic submarine which made the historic voyage under the ice of the North Pole, in the same way as he left, by helicopter. He was taken to a point about seven miles out from Portland, and conned the *Nautilus* into harbour.

FIRST UNDER THE POLE

Portland Welcomes the U.S. Atomic Submarine "Nautilus" after Her Historic Voyage Under the Arctic Ice-Cap

THE "NAUTILUS" ARRIVES : The submarine slides quietly into Portland Harbour. Admiralty tugs with their fire hoses playing, ships blowing their sirens, aeroplanes circling overhead, and cheering crowds joined in the enthusiastic welcome. By the time she berthed at the coaling pier *Nautilus* had travelled 91,049 miles submerged.

PROUDLY FLYING HER FLAG: Arriving in harbour for the first time on her voyage, *Nautilus* flies a flag on which is inscribed "Submerged Polar Transit. Nautilus 1958."

IN HARBOUR: The American Ambassador, the Hon. J. H. Whitney, with, on his right, Commander Anderson, reading the Presidential Unit Citation awarded to the crew of the submarine.

THE CAPTAIN GOES ASHORE: With his hand raised in salute, Commander W. R. Anderson walks up the gangplank from his submarine.

TO A TUMULTUOUS WELCOME: With crowds packing the edge of the coaling pier at Portland, the submarine berths after her long voyage. The hawsers securing her to the pier were the submarine's first link with the shore since she started nineteen days previously. It was disclosed that on her arrival the submarine had travelled 129,000 miles on nuclear power.

At the end of her voyage, the *Nautilus* slid quietly alongside the coaling pier in Portland Harbour to the cheers of dockyard workers and thousands of holiday-makers. Amid the formality of the official reception were the unrehearsed incidents, dockyard workers clambering over the coal on the pier to cheer her arrival, vessels throwing up jets of water from their hoses and holiday-makers in pleasure launches enthusiastically welcoming the sleek, dark submarine. On the conning tower, standing beneath the newly-made flag on which was inscribed the words "Submerged Polar Transit. Nautilus 1958," was the captain, Commander W. R. Anderson, who had rejoined his ship to bring her into harbour. Mr. John Hay Whitney, the American Ambassador, handed over the Presidential Unit Citation to the crew. He said that with the citation went the privilege of wearing the citation ribbon with a special clasp in the form of a golden "N." "The right to wear this clasp is reserved to you alone," he said.

Later, the *Nautilus* had her identity number, 571, repainted in white on her conning tower. According to orders the submarine had been instructed to proceed on her voyage undetected if possible. It was for this reason that the number had been painted out. On the same day Washington announced that a second nuclear submarine of the U.S. Navy, the *Skate*, had crossed the North Pole, this time from east to west, and was continuing exploration under the Arctic ice-cap. It was reported that she had surfaced in an ice opening some 40 miles from the Pole. The *Skate* is slightly smaller than the *Nautilus*. She is to continue explorations for the rest of the month. The third U.S. Atomic submarine *Seawolf* is said to be in the south Atlantic and might set up a new endurance record on a voyage which was to extend to the Antarctic.

The *Nautilus* was due to leave Portland for the East Coast of America on Monday. Her captain stated that he thought that there was a future for oil-carrying cargo submarines between Alaska and Europe. There appeared to be no limit to the size of submarine that could be built. Details revealed of the voyage by the *Nautilus* showed that she had already travelled 91,049 miles submerged and that she had been 129,000 miles on nuclear power—62,560 on the first charge and more than 66,000 on the second. Each charge is no larger than a golf ball. Although the technical data gathered by the submarine on her historic voyage is still being evaluated, it is already known that the ice at the North Pole is considerably thicker than had been expected. Many uncharted features of the bottom of the Arctic Ocean were discovered. The ocean, it was found, is bisected by a 9,000-ft. submerged mountain range running from Canada to Russia.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF A MOUNTAIN RAILWAY

The Bernina Line Through the Alps from St. Moritz to Tirano Marks the Fiftieth Anniversary of its Openi

By JOHN STEEL

In the summer of 1908 *the first section of the Bernina Railway, the spectacular metre-gauge trunk railway from St. Moritz to Tirano, in Italy, was opened to passenger traffic. Crossing the Bernina Pass at an altitude of* 7,403 *ft., it is the highest railway in Europe worked on the adhesion principle—that is, a train is drawn by its locomotive along the rails without any aids such as rack or pinion. The Bernina Railway is kept open all through the winter and trains frequently run through snow cuttings* 15 *to* 20 *ft. high. It has formed part of the Rhaetian railway system since* 1943. *The construction of the line cost* 15,000,000 *Swiss francs* (£600,000) *in* 1908.

TO an observant traveller a notice at the top of a subway in St. Moritz railway station reading "To trains for Rome, Milan, Genoa, Nice and Venice" must come in the nature of a considerable surprise. Towards the south rises the great barrier of the Bernina Range, and most people who are familiar with European railway travel know that the Simplon, the St. Gotthard and Mont Cenis tunnels are the main entrances into Italy. It is quite understandable that the traveller cannot help thinking: "I have never heard of another tunnel into Italy. How does the railway get over those mountains?"

Fifty years ago a group of Swiss businessmen decided that a trunk railway must be built to link up St. Moritz and the Grisons with Tirano, in Italy. They realised that such a railway was not only necessary for the development of trade between the Canton of the Grisons and Italy but that its construction would also encourage tourist traffic.

At that time the only other way of getting into Italy from St. Moritz by rail meant a long journey round by Chur and Zürich, as the present railway line from Chur to Andermatt, near the St. Gotthard, and Brigue at the Swiss end of the Simplon Tunnel was not completed until 1926. Work began in 1906 under the supervision of D. Nachenius, the Chief Engineer, who decided that the railway should be worked on the adhesion system and not by the rack-and-pinion method.

Soon after leaving St. Moritz Station the Bernina Railway branches off from the main Rhaetian line, crosses the River Inn and runs through beautiful meadows ablaze with Alpine flowers in spring and summer, on to Pontresina, the famous winter sports resort. No observation or restaurant cars are attached to the little trains, but in the distance of thirty-eight miles to Tirano, its passengers enjoy a succession of never-ending thrills and watch some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world. Throughout the journey the views are spectacular.

After Pontresina the railway climbs very steeply through an immense pine forest then suddenly at Morteratsch it comes out into the open for a few moments. If the visibility is good—it is usually excellent—the Alpine panorama is literally breathtaking. Confronting the passengers is a tremendous wall of ice and snow towering over 13,000 ft. into the air, with the superb peaks of the Bellavista, Crest D'Aguzza, the sublime Piz Bernina, monarch of the Bernina Alps, and culminating in the fantastic icy face of the Piz Morteratsch. Far below the level of the line there spreads the enormous glacier flowing from these mountains, covered with the debris of storms that have raged during millions of years.

Once more the train enters the forest, climbing giddily towards the summit of the Bernina Pass. Again and again it twists back upon its track in order to gain height and finally emerges into a wilderness of savage mountains and lonely valleys. This part of the journey as the train mounts slowly towards the Bernina Hospiz, the summit of the railway—7,403 ft. above sea-level—is strangely reminiscent of the surface of the moon, as there is no sign of habitation anywhere.

At the Hospiz the view is again overwhelming, for on the right are the Lago Nero and the larger Lago Bianco. Behind the lakes is the great Piz Cambrena with its glacier shimmering a weird icy-blue colour in the sunlight. All around there rise soaring peaks whose flanks are covered with glaciers. One is conscious of an immense silence that is only broken occasionally by the sound of a cowbell or the whistle of the north-bound train that crosses the south-bound express in the small station.

A MAGNIFICENT FEAT OF ENGINEERING: The train from St. Moritz to Tirano runs round the loop of the long viaduct at Brusio in the Poschiavo valley, shortly before crossing the Swiss-Italian frontier. Although the Bernina railway was opened in 1908, the viaduct is still considered one of the outstanding engineering constructions of the century.

AMONG THE ALPINE PEAKS: The closed and open coaches of the train are crowded with passengers as it climbs steeply towards the summit of the Bernina Pass. Beyond the pine-clad slopes are the Morteratsch Glacier and a number of superb snow-topped peaks. The thirty-eight-mile journey from St. Moritz to Tirano is through the finest mountain scenery.

KEEPING THE LINE OPEN: An engineers' special coach passes between the walls of snow and ice which can reach heights of over 20 ft. on each side of the line in the winter.

The Lago Nero and the Lago Bianco form two watersheds; all the water from the former flows from the Inn and the Danube into the Black Sea and from the latter into the Adriatic through the Lake of Como and Northern Italy. Needless to say, both lakes are frozen over towards the end of October. So exposed is the Bernina Railway at this height that the task of keeping it open during the winter is a formidable one. Early in winter, rotary snow-ploughs are constantly in operation, but the snowfalls are so heavy that the crossing of the Pass is a frightening experience to anyone undertaking it for the first time!

During the worst winter ever recorded, trains ran through a cutting of packed ice and snow that was 20 ft. 9 ins. high. Heights of between 15 and 18 ft. are experienced every winter, but so stringent are the safety precautions, such as constant checking on the state of the cutting walls and other protections against avalanches, that no accident has ever occurred during the fifty years of the railway's history.

Shortly after leaving the Hospiz Station, the line enters a long snow-tunnel to protect it from avalanches and rock falls, and in a few minutes arrives at Alp Grüm—the undoubted showplace of the entire journey. Alp Grüm, a remote hamlet 6,500 ft. high, consists of two small mountain inns and the railway station with a gay and attractive restaurant terrace whose tables are sheltered from the intensely hot sun by brilliantly-coloured umbrellas. Small and comparatively unknown as Alp Grüm is, it enjoys one of the finest views in the world, for in few other places is there so magnificent a setting for so great an expanse of the Alps.

Far down in the valley the Italian Alps stand out serene and unbelievably beautiful against a blue sky. Towering in awe-inspiring majesty, dwarfing every other mountain around, is the 13,000-ft.-high sheer precipice of Piz Palu. This peak is unique and terrifying in its grandeur, covered

THE AWE-INSPIRING GRANDEUR OF PITZ PALU: This is the splendid view enjoyed by passengers soon after the train leaves Alp Grüm. From near the 13,000-ft. peak of Pitz Palu (in right background) a huge glacier runs down, transforming itself into a stream which flows into Lake Poschiavo.

THE SPIRAL OF THE BERNINA RAILWAY: The train on the curve on the left will follow a number of loops to reach the line at lower level (centre right) and descend to the valley and the town of Poschiavo which has graceful campaniles and churches.

PROTECTION AND PANORAMA: The "galleries" have been constructed to protect the railway from avalanches. The picture also gives an idea of how the line twists and turns on the side of a precipitous slope. *On right*—The view is of the Bernina Valley with the Lake of Bianco in the distance.

as it is almost to its extreme pinnacle by a huge glacier from which a newly-born river speeds to join the Lago di Poschiavo in the valley.

In the middle distance lies Poschiavo, an entirely Italian-speaking Swiss town set near a sapphire-blue lake; its graceful campaniles and Romanesque churches are entirely Italian in character. Poschiavo is just four miles from Alp Grüm, but as it is situated 3,500 ft. below it, the engineers of the Bernina Railway were faced by the seemingly impossible task of getting the line down to the valley floor.

They overcame their problem by a succession of superbly-engineered loops, spiral tunnels and two immense double sweeps. No fewer than 10¼ miles had to be covered in place of four as the crow flies, from Alp Grüm down to Poschiavo. For practically the entire descent the gradient is at one in fourteen—one of the steepest in the Swiss Alps worked by ordinary adhesion! Needless to say, the speed of the train is kept at a maximum of eight miles per hour on this extremely steep grade.

South of Alp Grüm a long but thin tongue of Swiss territory stretches into Italy and the last part of the railway runs through a countryside full of picturesque little towns and villages with romantic names like San Antonio, Annunziata and Meschino. No longer does one hear German, the language is now Italian.

Before the Bernina Railway finally reaches Italy there are further long descents at one in fourteen and equally well-laid-out spirals—this time to help the railway lose height at Brusio, where the viaduct is still considered after fifty years to be one of the greatest engineering feats of all time.

The Swiss/Italian frontier is reached at Campo Cologno; slightly over a mile later the Bernina Railway passes the lovely church of Madonna di Tirano and arrives at its terminus in the main Tirano station. Here the altitude is a mere 1,407 ft., so in the descent from the Bernina Hospiz the railway has fallen practically 6,000 ft.!

It is amazing to realise that in the bare space of twenty-four miles the Alpine express has left the eternal snows and glaciers for the vineyards and red-tiled villages of the Val Tellina. In every way has the Bernina Railway justified its proud title of being an international trunk railway, this despite the fact that no wagon-lits or Blue Restaurant Cars of the International Sleeping Car Company are ever seen on its trains.

CYPRUS AND JORDAN

The Latest Pictures from Middle East Trouble Spots

Mr. Macmillan made a surprise visit to Cyprus last week after he had conferred with the Governments of Greece and Turkey. Local opinion in the island, in its first reactions, appeared both intransigent and confused. Greek newspapers insisted that the British plan of a "seven-year partnership" was "still camouflaged partition." Turkish spokesmen were adamant that whatever adjustments might be made in the British plan, partition must be the final solution. However, Mr. Macmillan felt that the mood of the two Governments of Greece and Turkey was favourable to a period of "cooling off." What was needed was a period of peace. A joint appeal to the workers of Cyprus to avoid provocation was made by the trade union groups on the island. British soldiers continued in the east with their operations against EOKA.

The Greek Government decided to lodge an appeal on Cyprus with the United Nations. It was said that official circles in Athens felt that it had gone to the limit of concession while the risk of partition existed and was concentrating on eliminating anything likely to make partition a permanent solution.

In the emergency meeting of the General Assembly of the United Nations, President Eisenhower called for the creation by the U.N. of a "stand-by peace force" for the Middle East and a regional development plan to improve Arab living standards. Mr. Gromyko, the Russian delegate, stated that his Government was willing to meet with others to devise a formula for the withdrawal of British and American troops.

ON GUARD ON A BEACH IN CYPRUS: A British soldier stands with his Sten gun at the ready on guard duty on a beach some 15 miles outside Nicosia. British servicemen and their families relax on the sands under his watchful eye. In the past, the beach, which is reserved for British troops, their wives and children, has been subject to attacks from Cypriot terrorists.

On right—

IN THE CAPITAL OF JORDAN: British and Jordanian troops stand on guard outside the British Embassy in Amman. Supplies have been coming into the capital by American aircraft and from the port of Aqaba, at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba.

OUTSIDE AMMAN: On the rocky, bare hillside outside the capital, poor Jordanian families make their homes in small tents. Below them stretch the houses of their richer neighbours. Last week, a military court in Amman sentenced twelve Jordanians and one Syrian to death for smuggling arms and explosives from Syria into Jordan. They were among twenty-seven accused of attempting to stir up armed rebellion in the country. More Jordanians were also charged with plotting against security in Jordan.

CITY TEMPLE IS RESTORED

The New "Cathedral of the Free Churches," Near Holborn Viaduct, in London, Incorporates Many Unusual Features

THE REBUILT CITY TEMPLE: Taken from the gallery, the view is of the apse in the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, which has been rebuilt after being destroyed by bombing in 1941. There is a circular pulpit cantilevered from the east wall, and the centre of the apse is dominated by a big simple cross, made of cedar of Lebanon.

OPEN AGAIN FOR SERVICES: The rebuilt "Cathedral of the Free Churches," as seen by the passer-by. A new feature of the tower is a copper-covered dome which is surmounted by a gilded cross.

On Sunday, August 17—seventeen years after its destruction by bombing—the City Temple, in Holborn Viaduct, opened again for services. The rebuilding, from a design by Lord Mottistone and Mr. Paul Paget, has taken four years and has cost £430,000. The new "Cathedral of the Free Churches" incorporates in its structure several new and unusual features not generally considered to be parts of a church. For instance, beneath the church itself is a fully-equipped cinema and theatre. Above it are several offices, a psychological clinic, a flat and a conference room. In the near future, closed-circuit television is to be installed to enable services to be relayed from the church to a nearby hall, entered from Shoe Lane, containing the overflow of the congregation.

The original City Temple was in the classic Italian style, with seating accommodation for 2,500 persons. Opened in 1874, it was erected by members of the Independent church established in the Poultry early in the seventeenth century. Church records go back to 1640. The first minister, after the building in Holborn Viaduct was completed, was Dr. Joseph Parker, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell was minister from 1903-15. In 1936 the Rev. F. W. Norwood was succeeded by the Rev. Leslie Weatherhead, the distinguished Methodist preacher. The City Temple was heavily damaged by German bombing in 1941 and the congregation accepted an offer of accommodation at St. Sepulchre's Church nearby. In 1946 they moved to the Friends' Meeting House, in Euston Road, and a year later to Marylebone Presbyterian Church. The rebuilt City Temple will seat 1,340 people. It opened free of debt, the cost of the work being raised before building started. The rededication, in the presence of the Queen Mother, will take place on October 30.

THE NEW AND THE OLD INTERIOR: *Left*—The view, taken from the apse, shows the new pews on the main floor and the balcony with the modern lighting installations. Large windows have been incorporated along all sides to increase natural light. The church is capable of seating 1,340 people and has been designed for alternative use as a lecture or conference hall. Beneath the church is a fully-equipped cinema and theatre. *On right*—The interior as it was before the building was bombed.

THE LOFTIEST MEDIEVAL INTERIOR IN ENGLAND: Looking west from above the High Altar in Westminster Abbey, a section of the roof of the 102-ft.-high nave has been repaired and cleaned. Work still has to be done on the part nearer the West Door. Very extensive restoration is being carried out to the interior and exterior of the Abbey.

RESTORED TO ITS FORMER BEAUTY: The lantern ce with the combination of a great variety of ton the crossing separating the Sanctuary and the

RESTORING WESTMINSTER ABBEY

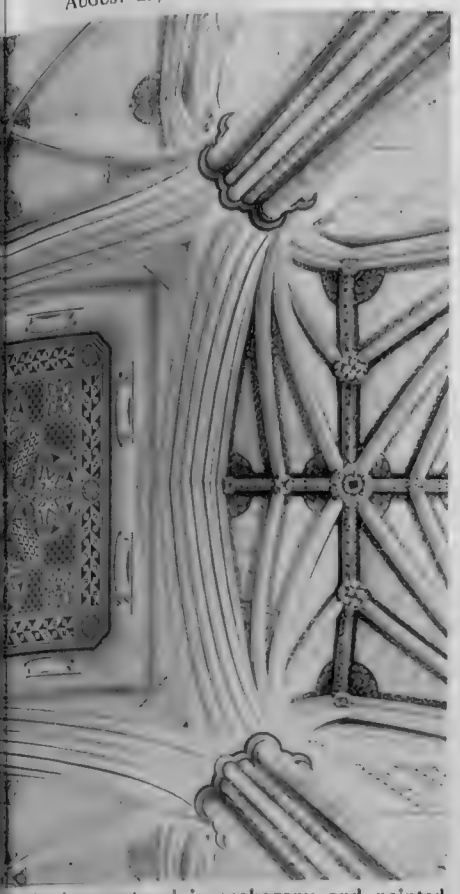
Progress in the Widespread Repairs Required in the Fabric

INSIDE THE NAVE ROOF: The new timber trusses are clearly visible. When the long task of restoration at Westminster Abbey began, it was found that the decay of the timbers was far worse than originally thought.

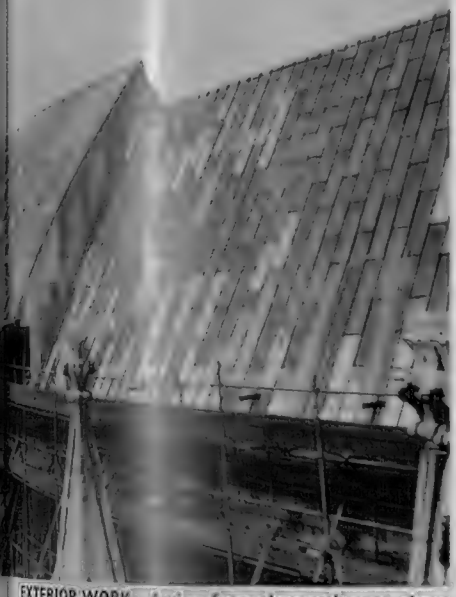
Soon after the Coronation in 1953, the long and intricate task of the restoration of the fabric of Westminster Abbey was begun. The work of repairing and cleaning the stonework and the roof has now been in progress for nearly five years and the pictures reproduced on these pages, the most recent to be taken, show various aspects of the work and give some idea of how it is progressing. It is obvious that the task of restoration is one of the utmost magnitude. Westminster Abbey is 513 ft. in length, including Henry VII's Chapel, 200 ft. broad across the transepts and 75 ft. broad across the nave and aisles—and at this stage it is possible only to judge the effect of cleaning the stone and marble of their acid-laden coat of grime. Not merely had the stone become dark and discoloured, but the marble had ceased to become recognisable as such.

Although some of the marble has suffered irreparable damage, reversion to the medieval practice of polishing has restored much of its beauty. The stone has suffered less severely and by the simple process of washing is recovering its original colour and giving back to the interior something of the brightness it must once have possessed. When the restoration started, it was announced by Mr. Stephen Dykes Bower, Surveyor of the Fabric of the Abbey, that from a closer inspection it had been discovered that the state of decay was far more serious than at first anticipated. Timbers in the nave roof, the Jerusalem Chamber and elsewhere had become badly decayed as a result of wet rot and attack by death-watch beetle. Consequently, some of the work on the stone had to be interrupted so that an all-out effort could be made to make certain that the actual roof timbers were absolutely sound and, where necessary, new timbers inserted.

Although the cleaning of the stone and marble work inside the Abbey will probably be finished by 1965—in time for the 900th anniversary of the founding of the original Abbey—the exterior of the building will not be free from scaffolding until at least 1976. It will be possible to meet some of the cost of the extra work involved out of the contributions already raised for the Abbey's £1,000,000 Appeal Fund, but it is likely that the completion of the restoration work will involve a sum far in excess of that amount.



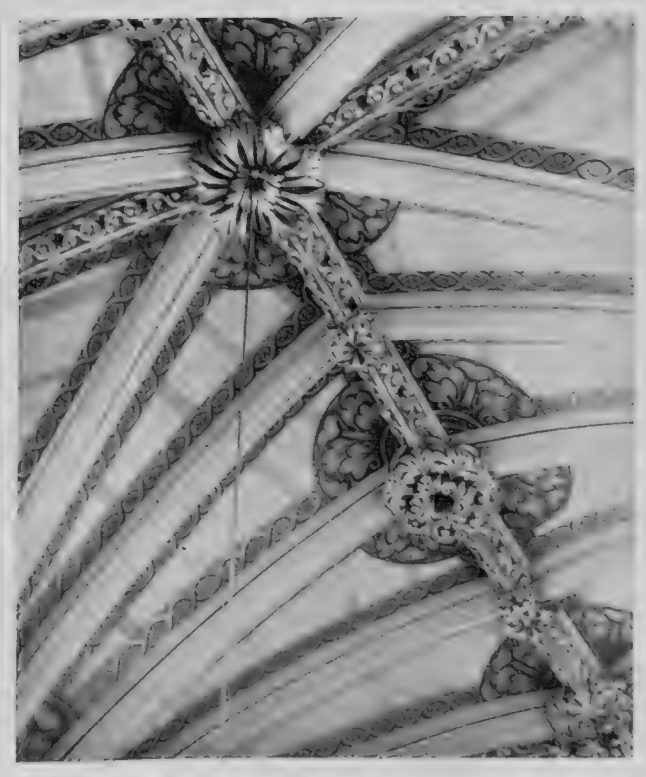
elling has been restored in mahogany and painted
nal shades. The roof of the lantern, which is above
Choir, was destroyed by incendiary bombs in 1941.



EXTERIOR WORK: A view from the south-east, showing the new roof balustrade, in white, behind the scaffolding. The new roofing is also visible.

AN INTRICATE TASK FOR THE CLEANERS: An interior view of Westminster Abbey from above the Choir, towards the High Altar and the Confessor Chapel. The light patches in the ornamental stonework denote where the cleaners have been at work removing the dirt. Much of the Abbey's stonework has been attacked by the acids in the London atmosphere. Extensive repairs and replacements are also being carried out in the timbers. It is now estimated that the work will cost far more than the originally estimated £1,000,000.

A MAMMOTH TASK FOR THE RESTORERS: The camera looks up at the Choir vaulting to show, on the left, a section of the roof which has been cleaned. It contrasts sharply with the section on the right, work on which has not yet started.



On left—

THE CHOIR VAULTING: The view is a close-up showing features of the roof after all the grime had been cleaned off. The paintwork and the gilding is the original and the picture gives some idea of the difficult task confronting the authorities in connection with the Abbey's preservation. It is hoped that the principal work of restoration will be finished by 1965.

"DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN"

Some Thoughts on the Architecture, the Way of Life and the Sporting Spirit in the Capital of Eire

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

"DEAR dirty Dublin." I have often wondered whether that originated as an expression of affection or as one of abuse. As it stands, it must be taken, I think, as a term of affection, a description of the Dublin sentiment—"the darlin' town," "Dublin's fair city," and all that—a loving description of the Dublin of the patriot, a term conjuring up a memory-picture for the exile. But you have only to insert the word "and," and at once you get a very different picture. "Dear and dirty": there you have the unfriendly jibe of some dissatisfied English tourist. Dublin was dirty once. An English physician, writing home in 1724, complained that the streets were so dirty that "one is in frequent danger of being up to the knees in crossing them." But the same could have justifiably been said of many a town street in England at that time.

To-day it could not honestly be said that Dublin is dirtier than any other town of similar size and importance. It is true that you can get splashed by passing traffic in O'Connell Street on a wet day, but you have no need to go to Dublin to experience that. It has happened in Piccadilly before now. Dirt is comparative, and not only in quantity. If it is true that the gutters of Dublin streets do not run quite as freely as those of comparably important towns in Britain, it is no less true that you can wear a shirt a good deal longer in Dublin than you can in London or Edinburgh, and very much longer than you can in Birmingham or Manchester, Belfast or Glasgow.

There can be no doubt that a good deal of Dublin is shabby and there are still a few remarkable slums, the houses of which are splendidly designed and were once splendidly inhabited. This shabbiness is somehow fitting, for Dublin, though a capital city with international pretensions, is still very much a country town. This is not merely a matter of setting—you can look down many a street and see at the end of it the heathery mountains (sometimes, when rain threatens, they are so clear and seem so near that it is tempting to count the sheep on them), and the sea is within walking distance of any point on the urban boundary. It is a matter of atmosphere. Country people come to Dublin and walk up O'Connell Street as English country folk would go to the local market town and walk up the High Street on a Saturday. They do not feel out of place as English country folk invariably feel out of place in Oxford Street. The elegant shabbiness of Georgian Dublin fits into all this perfectly. Chromium-plate would not.

Dublin is a Georgian town in the same sense as Bath is. It is Bath's only serious rival, but there is a marked difference between the two. It is not just a difference of medium (Georgian Dublin is built of red or plum-coloured brick, not of stone), not just a difference of planning (Dublin has not quite the homogeneity of Bath); it is a difference of inspiration. Bath is Georgian English: Dublin is Georgian International. The important architect was a German, the important artist (who was responsible for some of the most magnificent ceilings to be seen anywhere) was a Swiss, and the wood-carvers and the plasterers learnt their craft from Frenchmen and Italians. This has put its stamp upon the whole city, so that you can stand by the Liffey, on O'Connell Bridge, and look up the Quays into the sunset, and you might be anywhere but in the British Isles.

The Quays are shabby—the houses that have had a "face-lift" make the others look even shabbier—and the Liffey is very far from being an imposing river. You may remember a line of Burke's: "Where Liffey rolls her dead dogs to the sea." Well, I cannot say that I have ever seen a dead dog in the Liffey, but at low water (at high water it is passable enough with its swans and gulls and the Guinness barges with their drunken funnels) Dublin's river resembles nothing so much as a derelict canal. Taken bit by bit, there is nothing so very remarkable about the skyline. The dome of the Four Courts, the steep pyramid of Christ Church (which is the Protestant Cathedral of Dublin: St. Patrick's is the national Cathedral of the Protestant Church of Ireland), the belfry of the great Augustinian church in Thomas Street, the spire of St. Peter's, the chimney-stacks of the Guinness brewery, and at the end the ornamental façade of Kingsbridge Station, surely one of the worst examples of railway architecture in the British Isles. There is nothing here which, individually, could not be matched in a dozen towns. But the whole is incomparable, because it is not Irish, not British, but cosmopolitan. The whole—perhaps it is a trick of that curious yellow light which is a Dublin sunset—is piercingly beautiful.

In Horse Show week, Dublin is cosmopolitan. This is, even remembering the White City and Harringay, surely the greatest of all horse shows. Beyond all question it is the greatest horse mart in the world. Irish horses, especially hunters and steeplechasers—in any year some 95 per cent. of the runners in the Grand National are Irish-bred, and it is altogether exceptional to find a winner of that great steeplechase which was not bred in Ireland—have a tremendous reputation. People come from all over the world to see and to buy them here. This year the Irish have made a pretty clean sweep of the English flat races as well with Ballymoss (probably the best four-year-old in Europe), Gladness and Hard Ridden. Nothing succeeds like success. It was not surprising to find a record number of entries, including some very strong foreign teams, entered in the jumping events. The English team consisted, with one exception, of comparatively inexperienced horses and not one of the accepted first-team riders. This, at the start of the week, caused great disappointment and much outspoken criticism. But this scratch team then proceeded to win the Aga Khan Trophy for international team jumping, and the criticism turned to the most generous praise. As one newspaper boy put it to me: "We can breed the horses, but we can't breed the riders."

Therein lies the secret of the success of the Dublin Horse Show. There is a passionate interest in the horse in Ireland among all sections of the community and with it a really profound knowledge. In England the horse, and especially show-jumping, is fashionable. But one would hesitate to say that the majority of the crowd at any of the great show-jumping events had a profound knowledge of the horse. You have only to listen to an Irish crowd to know that they have. The Dublin Horse Show is also fashionable. Not only is it a horse show, it is the great social occasion of the Irish year; a great week for parties and a great week for ladies' fashions. For this week at least, there can be no doubt that Dublin is dear: very dear, indeed.

By tradition the Thursday is Ladies' Day. This is the day on which the two classes of Ladies' Hunters are judged, and magnificent they are. How very pleasant it is to see the side-saddle and the top hat again, and to realise that a lady can look graceful on a horse. After seeing so much show jumping one had almost forgotten. Thursday by tradition was the day when the ladies of Dublin turned out wearing the latest fashions. That is no longer so. Horse Show week has become a fashion parade. The ladies seem determined to wrest attention from the horse. I think that they are going to have a hard struggle, but no one could deny that they are doing their best. I saw more oddities, more extremes of fashion, in the week than I have seen at all the Ascots since the war. Or, at least, so it seemed; memory may play me false, for I would normally prefer to look at a well-turned-out horse. I feel fairly confident that the horse will withstand the onslaught of the fashion houses.

This year, for the first time, the Dublin Horse Show met very serious competition from the Santry Stadium and some Australian athletes. On the Wednesday night Herb Elliott ran a mile in 3 mins. 54.5 secs., breaking the world record by a fantastic margin. True, this took place at night, and so could not be said to have interfered with the Horse Show. The fact is that on the Thursday, though men and women looked at the Ladies' Hunters (perhaps every now and then at some of the more outrageous fashions), they talked about Herb Elliott and very little else. Later in the week Albert Thomas, of Australia (who in July on the Santry track had broken the world record for the three miles), set a new world record for the two miles, and Murray Halberg, of New Zealand, ran the world's fastest four miles. Even the jumping for the Aga Khan Trophy could not stand up to that sort of competition. A huge crowd watched, but not with the usual absorbed interest: a part of the mind was juggling with seconds on the Santry track.

It is not that the Irish have the same interest in athletics as they have in horses—and I do not suppose that they ever will have—but the Santry track was only opened in May of this year, and already four world records have been broken on it, and in one race five men have beaten that magic four-minute mile. Four of them beat the previous approved world record, and one of the four was an Irishman. The Irish are nothing if not patriotic, and they think they have made the best track in the world. If Mr. Delaney should run here next year, and just a little faster, then the Dublin Horse Show really will suffer.

AT THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: The Aga Khan Challenge Trophy teams parade after the presentation of the cup to the scratch British team which unexpectedly won with an aggregate of twelve faults for the two rounds ridden by four representatives, the best three counting in each round. America came second with twenty-one faults. *On left*—The view is of O'Connell Street.

PROTECTION AGAINST BANDITS AND ROBBERS: Armed police in a jeep follow a bank van carrying the weekly wages to the Fiat factory at Lissone, near Milan. As result of a series of criminal attacks on vehicles transporting large sums of cash, the Italian authorities instituted early this year the system by which any bank or firm having to move money in bulk can ask for a police escort. The protection is provided free of charge and there is increasing demand for this public facility.

GUARDING THE CASH IN MILAN

Italian Police Escort Vans Carrying Large Sums of Money

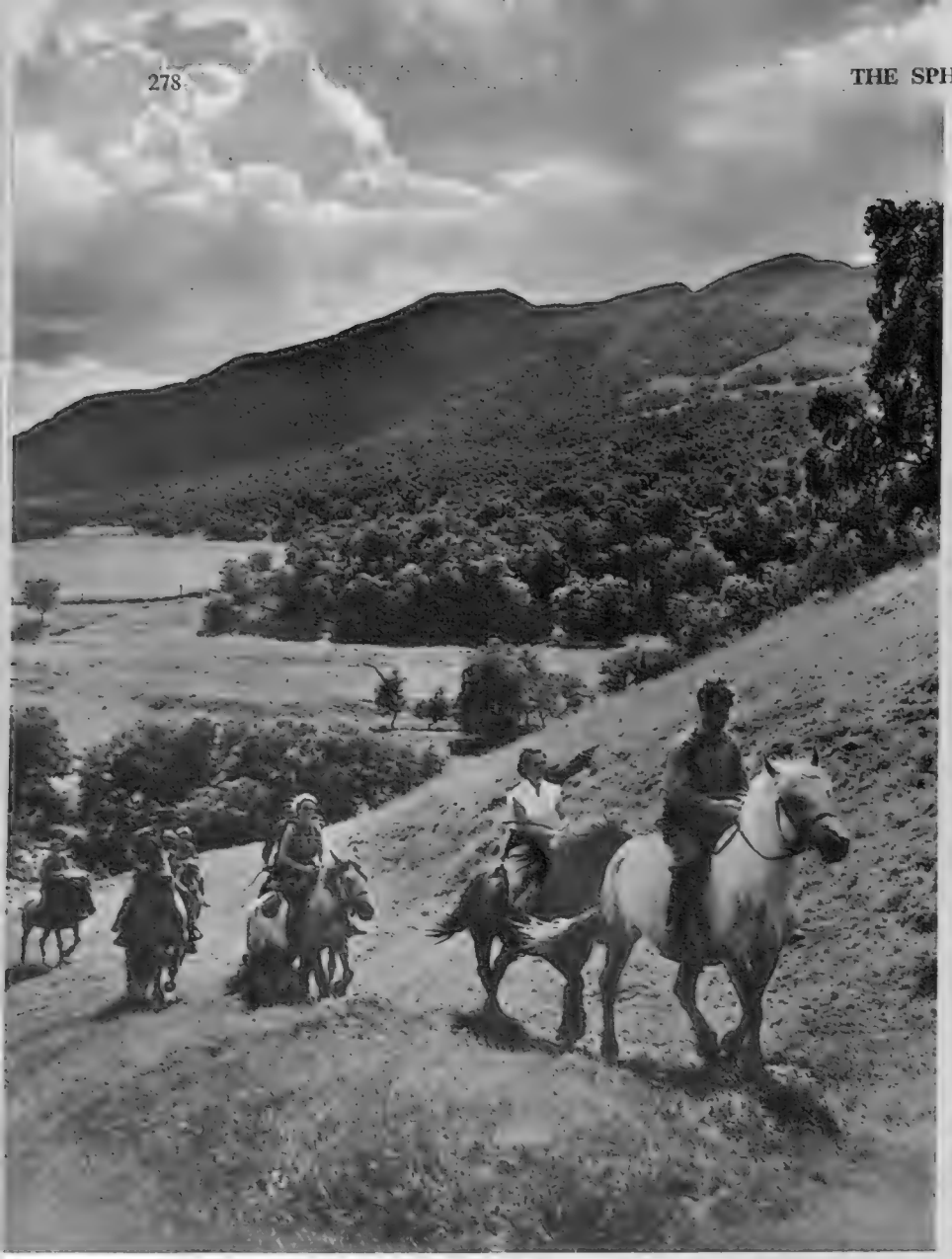
The robbery with violence of cashiers or vans carrying large sums of cash for wages or other purposes has become unpleasantly familiar in Britain. Other countries, too, have suffered from such crimes. In Italy at the beginning of this year a vehicle transporting 50,000,000 lira (about £29,000) from a bank in Milan was held up and robbed. A little later in Turin a cashier carrying 7,000,000 lira (£4,000) was the victim of another assault. As is usually the case with crimes of this kind, the evidence pointed to them having been carefully and cleverly planned by men who would stop at nothing to achieve their object. Throughout Italy there was widespread indignation and a demand for action which the Italian authorities were prompt to recognise. The security measure taken might be studied to advantage in other lands.

The protection scheme, which was started last March, allows any bank or firm which has to move sizeable sums of currency to call upon the police for an escort. The guards, who are heavily armed, drive in a jeep and closely shadow the vehicle with the cash. They are particularly on the alert in narrow streets, which are common in many Italian cities and well-suited for a hold up. Careful watch is also kept in lonely districts, for wages and salaries have often to be taken to remote villages. According to all reports, the system is proving effective. They would, indeed, be desperate criminals who contemplated taking on a squad of police equipped with arms and ready to meet any trouble. Of course, guarding the cash does mean considerable extra work for the Italian police. But no reasonable request for protection is ever refused, and there is every reason to suppose that the squads in their jeeps are setting an example to the world in preventing an atrocious form of crime.

A SPECTACLE TO WHICH THE PEOPLE OF MILAN HAVE BECOME ACCUSTOMED: The police escort is close behind the van as it makes its way through a street in the north Italian city. The hold-up of a vehicle carrying 50,000,000 lira (about £29,000) from a bank in Milan was one of the crimes which led to the inauguration of the police escort scheme.

NO FEAR OF A HOLD-UP: The van and the jeep head out of Milan along the highway to the factory at Lissone. This picture and the others on this page were taken when snow was on the ground in the early spring, soon after the protection system was started.

ON THE ALERT: The butt of a rifle can be seen protruding from under the arm of one of the policemen in the jeep driving through Milan and trailing the transport with the cash. Police protection of this kind is available in any town or village in Italy.



PONY-TREKKING IN THE HIGHLANDS: Riders follow a steep and winding route from near Newtonmore, in Inverness-shire, with the Cairngorm mountains rising in the background. Recreation on horseback is becoming increasingly popular and each year a growing number of people take their holidays in this way. Pony-trekking in its simplest form offers an ideal way of exploring the wild country, the mountains, moors and glens. The riders are divided into groups, according to proficiency, and the tracks followed wind up hill and down dale, through country which, until a few years ago, was known only to shepherds and mountaineers. An advanced form of pony-trekking is trail riding, but this is usually reserved for only those who have a thorough knowledge of riding. Hunter hacks of around 15 hands are used for this recreation and the rides are on the old drove roads through the rolling border hills. Pony-trekking, one of the many forms of sports holidays available nowadays in Scotland, attracts people from all over the country.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: Visitors examine a wall of the ruined Dunstaffnage Castle, built upon a natural pedestal of rock, commanding the entrance to Loch Etive. The castle is an irregular four-sided structure with three round towers. It has been ascribed to the thirteenth century, but as it now stands shows slight evidence of being older than the fifteenth century.

ONE OF SCOTLAND'S ANCIENT FERRIES: Cars drive off Strome Ferry after being transported over Loch Carron, in Ross and Cromarty. As a result of the increase in traffic over the loch in recent years, a new and much larger boat is expected to be brought into service shortly, despite the fact that there is a possibility of a road or bridge being erected to take the place of the ferry.

THEME AND VARIATIONS

A Wide Variety of Activities in Scotland

TWO THRIVING INDUSTRIES IN THE HIGHLANDS: *Left*—At Glenlivet men feed some of the 5,000 pheasant chicks being reared for the re-stocking of the moors for the opening of the shooting season on October 2. In the spring, eggs are placed under brooding hens and left until they are almost hatched. They are then transferred to incubators for hatching. The chicks are returned to their foster-mothers until big enough to be released on the moors. *Right*—The view is of a field of peat, near the Glenlivet distillery. The peat is used in the manufacture of whisky. When the green malt is dried over a peat fire, the peat imparts its flavour to the sprouting grains.

SCOTLAND WELCOMES THE WORLD

Financial Aspects—The Festival's Future—and a Survey of Some of the Companies and Stars Taking Part This Year

By IAIN CRAWFORD

A PANORAMA OF SCOTLAND'S CAPITAL: In the centre of this view by Aerofilms is the Esplanade, on which the Tattoo is held, with, in the foreground, St. Giles's Cathedral and, beyond, the Castle. The wide, straight street on the right is Princes Street; between it and the Castle are the Princes Street Gardens. The two churches to the right of the Castle are St. Cuthbert's and St. John's. In the centre background is Princes Street Station. Extreme right, towards the foreground, is the National Gallery.

THE Edinburgh Festival is the biggest and most concentrated single artistic enterprise in Britain. After ten years of undoubted and unchallenged success it is now facing up seriously to the major dilemma of all British artistic enterprises. Where do we get the money to go on? For art, as is well known in Britain and elsewhere, does not pay. The difference between Britain and elsewhere in general is that outside these islands people and governments show a lively determination in keeping their artistic enterprises alive. In Britain it is all done on a sporting basis. "We 'll give 'em a few hundred through the Arts Council and if they 're true Britons they 'll win through on that." But the sad truth of the matter is that despite Britain's chain of victories in battle, on cricket pitches, tennis courts, golf courses and other manly fields of endeavour, very little that is worthwhile in the orbit of large-scale artistic enterprise has been started in Britain by Britons.

Before you indignantly leap to your feet to denounce the false calumny on our fair, island race, reflect a little. The Italians made Covent Garden, they and the French introduced us to the theatre, music and opera. Glyndebourne enjoys the beneficent generosity of John Christie, but the idea of that was his wife, Audrey Mildmay, a singer trained in Europe. And Glyndebourne has reached its present eminence largely as a result of the talent and hard work put into the enterprise by Carl Ebert, Fritz Bush and Rudolf Bing. It was the latter who started the Edinburgh Festival; Americans put up most of the money to finance Stratford; the most interesting theatre in Britain to-day is being run by another American, Sam Wanamaker, at Liverpool; and the Hallé Orchestra began with a German, and so on. The Edinburgh Festival likewise owes its origins to alien influence, and it has been supported very largely by the influx of foreign visitors who come to Scotland's capital and rejoice the hearts and the pockets of its merchant burghers by their lavish spending.

After ten years it is fairly generally admitted, even in Edinburgh, that the Festival is "a good thing." It is so good, indeed, that in recent years it has been bringing about £3,000,000 a year to Edinburgh. But most of that is in trade and transport, hotel charges, restaurant and bar profits. The actual artistic events which draw the crowds to Edinburgh's three-week cultural bacchanal do not make money. In fact, they lose it. Last year they lost £22,000. Every year there is a financial deficit of between £20,000 and £30,000. Since the eleventh Festival last summer it has been said that the Festival Society needs another £25,000 a year in revenue in order to keep going. Gloomy prognostications by Robert Ponsonby, the Artistic Director, and by the Chairman of the Festival Society, Lord Provost Ian Johnson-Gilbert, have indicated that the Festival may have to close unless more money is found.

This is the most nonsensical financial situation I have ever run across. The Festival cannot possibly square its accounts from ticket sales. But for every pound which has to be found to meet the average year's loss on the Festival £100 goes into the Edinburgh coffers. An appeal was launched earlier this year for 1958's £25,000. It was made to the people who make most money out of the Festival—the hotel owners and shopkeepers in the city centre. I understand that it raised £6,500. Another appeal is now to be launched asking Scotland as a whole to put their hands in their pockets and save the Festival from extinction. This is not only culturally disgraceful but commercially cretinous.

The Edinburgh Festival is the best bargain Scotland has had made for it this century. Even on a purely business basis it is one of the best investments possible. It brings people not merely to Edinburgh but to Scotland as a whole from all over the world. It has given point, purpose and glamour to the Scottish Tourist Industry now worth £50,000,000 a year to Scotland.

(*Continued on following pages*)

The Edinburgh Festival

A FAMOUS SPANISH DANCER: Taking part in this year's Edinburgh International Festival, the twelfth to be held, which opens to-morrow, is Antonio. In the Spanish opera-ballet programme, he will dance in *El Sombrero de Tres Picos* (*The Three-Cornered Hat*), by Falla.

A DISTINGUISHED SINGER: Also in the programme of the Spanish Opera-Ballet is Victoria de los Angeles, who is singing the leading role in Falla's tragic opera—*La Vida Breve*. This concerns a Spanish gipsy girl, the heroine, who is betrayed and deserted by her lover. The tragedy is played in an authentic Spanish atmosphere against a background of street cries, guitars and the revelry of a wedding. Victoria de los Angeles recorded the work in 1948, but this is the first stage performance in Great Britain. The company has been specially recruited from the best dancers and singers in Spain to support the two stars in the double bill of ballet and opera. It is subsidised by the Spanish Government, who have never before supported a touring company in this way, and gave its first performances in public at the Brussels World Fair recently.

THE STUTTGART STATE OPERA: *On left*—In this scene from *Der Wildschütz*, by Albert Lortzing, are Friederike Sailer and Fritz Linke. *On right*—Martha Mödl and Wolfgang Windgassen take leading roles in Richard Wagner's opera *Tristan und Isolde*. The Stuttgart State Opera will also appear in productions of Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and Weber's *Euryanthe*.

BALLET PREMIERES: One of the twelve ballets specially commissioned is *Octet*, danced by Henning Kronstam and Kirsten Simone.

SCOTLAND WELCOMES THE WORLD

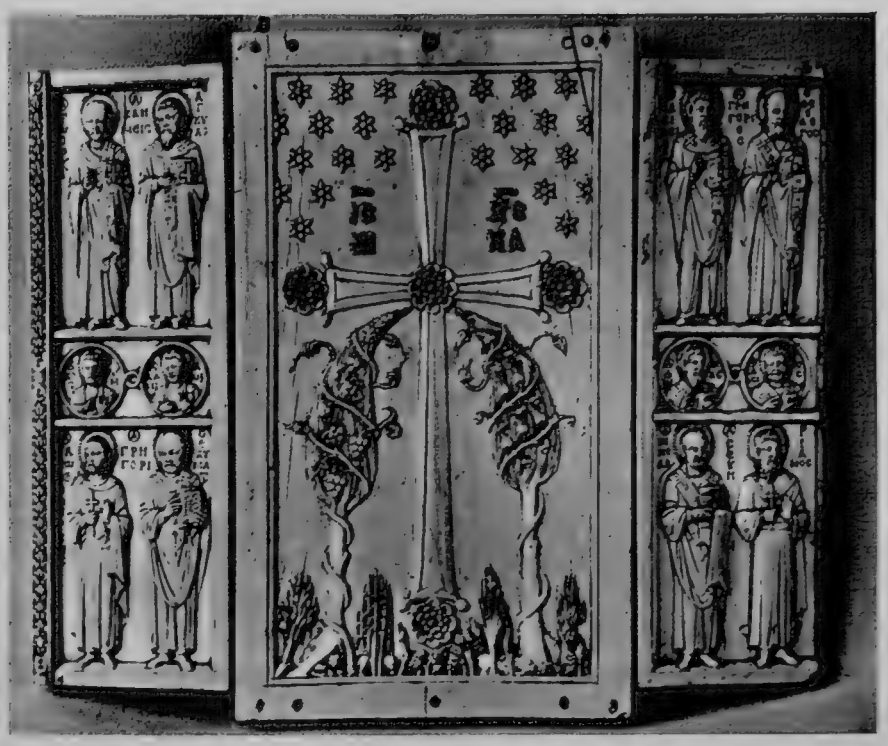
(*Continued from previous page*)

That, too, is just left to blunder along on bawbees. The Scottish Tourist Board, whose efforts are largely responsible for the phenomenal rise in tourism, have to get along on £20,000 a year—a fraction of what is spent in the Isle of Man! Nor can it be seriously alleged that the Festival authorities do not do their best to please everyone. Edinburgh is primarily a music and drama Festival, but since its inception practically every kind of show known to man has been added either within the officially blessed programme range or outside on the free-and-easy fringe.

This year, in addition to opera, drama, ballet, concerts, chamber music, soloists and choirs, there are revues, exhibitions of painting, pottery, sculpture, arts and crafts, dolls, shawls, prints and almost every kind of collection except (as yet) shrunken human heads. There are young, eager and *outré* dramatic companies performing prodigies of thespian and intellectual valour in the closes of the Royal Mile, there are nimble-footed Scots dancers hoofing it discreetly on the Calton Hill, there are the U.S. Marines and other Technicolored soldiery on the Castle Esplanade, there is the promised re-glamourised Film Festival vying with Cannes and Venice now, and no longer content with a sturdy reputation for being the top documentary Festival. There are Highland games at Murrayfield and a nude show at the Palladium. There was even an attempt to get Louis Armstrong to come over and blow his trumpet for the Festival. Oh yes, they are trying all right.

It has been said in some quarters that Edinburgh spreads its net too wide. A more specialised Festival would earn a larger share of approbation from the critics. But critics do not buy seats in concert halls and theatres and the Festival public shows no sign of diminishing in size. Every year the number of people attending the Festival rises. More money is paid for tickets and more people start trying to book for next year before the tickets

HE LONDON OLD VIC'S "TWELFTH NIGHT": In the duel between Sir Andrew Aguecheek (John Neville), foreground left, and Viola (Barbara Jefford), foreground right, Fabian (James Culliford) and Sir Toby Belch (Paul Daneman) watch delightedly. In Edinburgh Joss Ackland will play Sir Toby Belch. The production is by Michael Benthall. A new translation of Schiller's play *Mary Stuart*, by Stephen Spender, will also be presented by the Old Vic.



THE EXHIBITION OF BYZANTINE ART: The Harbaville Triptych, of which this is the reverse side, is carved in ivory and has been loaned from the Louvre for the exhibition in the Royal Scottish Museum. Professor Talbot Rice, Professor of Fine Arts at Edinburgh, has organised this exhibition. A number of exhibits have been sent from Russian collections—the first time they have been seen outside the U.S.S.R. Many other countries have contributed to this exhibition.

LONG DAY'S JOU[illegible]EY INTO NIGHT": The stars in this British premiere, presented by the New Watergate Theatre Club, of the play by Eugene O'Neill, are, left, Anthony Quayle, and right, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. This Tragic play will be produced by Jose Quintero.

"THE ELDER STATESMAN": In the eagerly-awaited new play by T. S. Eliot, the leading parts will be played by Anna Massey (left) and Paul Rogers (right). It will be the world premiere and will be produced by E. Martin Browne, with designs by Hutchinson Scott.

NEW BALLET: In *Secrets*, with choreography by John Cranko, the principal dancers are, from left to right, Yemaiel Oved, Henning Kronstam, and Carla Fracci. The latter is prima ballerina of the Ballet of La Scala, Milan. The music used is by Francis Poulenc.

THE VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: Conducting the famous orchestra is Josef Krips. It will be the first time that it has appeared in Edinburgh. The soloists will be Maria Stader and Claudio Arrau. The orchestra will play music by Strauss in the Festival's final concert.

re on sale. The Festival is just about as big a success s it could possibly be. The danger of the present situa- on is that some people at the top seem obsessed with the dea of making it a financial success. There is a real anger that quality may be sacrificed in order to prune osts if the parsimonious among the planners do not get clear that the Festival cannot be, and ought not to be, direct money-making concern.

The range and the quality of the performances is what as drawn people to Edinburgh to spend £1,000,000 a eek at Festival time. Narrow the range and sacrifice he quality and the visitors will go to other Festivals. There are plenty of them. This year we have the ludicrous osition that the Edinburgh Festival cannot afford to engage a British opera company. It had to turn down Glyndebourne because a new production from this company would be too expensive. In its place come the Stuttgart Opera—a fine company, but their principal merit in the Festival financiers' eyes is that it is subsidised heavily by the West German Government.

In short, the Festival has to go abroad to find the financial support it should be getting at home. This is a shameful situation to everyone who knows and values what the Festival is and has done for the cultural life of Scotland. Not everything at any Festival can be perfect. There is and always will be criticism. Standards are bound to be challenged and debated. But no one in his right mind can deny that the Edinburgh Festival has been of incalculable—as well as calculable—value to Scotland. It makes an international capital of Edinburgh for three weeks in every year. It has jerked Scottish arts into a recognition of world standards in drama and music.

A grim warning of what may be the Festival's future stands on the Calton Hill. The imitation Parthenon that rises uncompleted at the east end of Princes Street was a monument to the Scottish soldiers who fell in the Peninsular War. But not enough money could be raised to finish it. There it stands—Scotland's disgrace—now almost venerable, offering a sham excuse for the title of the "Athens of the North." It is to be hoped it never throws its shameful shadow as far as the Festival Society's offices in the Synod Hall.

The Edinburgh Festival

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CITY

IN CHAMBERS STREET: The plaque (far left) marks the site of Scott's birthplace in 1771 in College Wynd (now Guthrie Street). On the right is the recently completed Adam House, the façade of which is designed to match the old University buildings opposite it.

GEORGE SQUARE, IN EDINBURGH: In 1774, Scott's family moved to No. 25 (on the extreme left) and this was his home until his marriage. The initial extension to the University Medical School can be seen above the old houses (right). The University plans to erect new buildings, except on the west side, where Scott's house is.

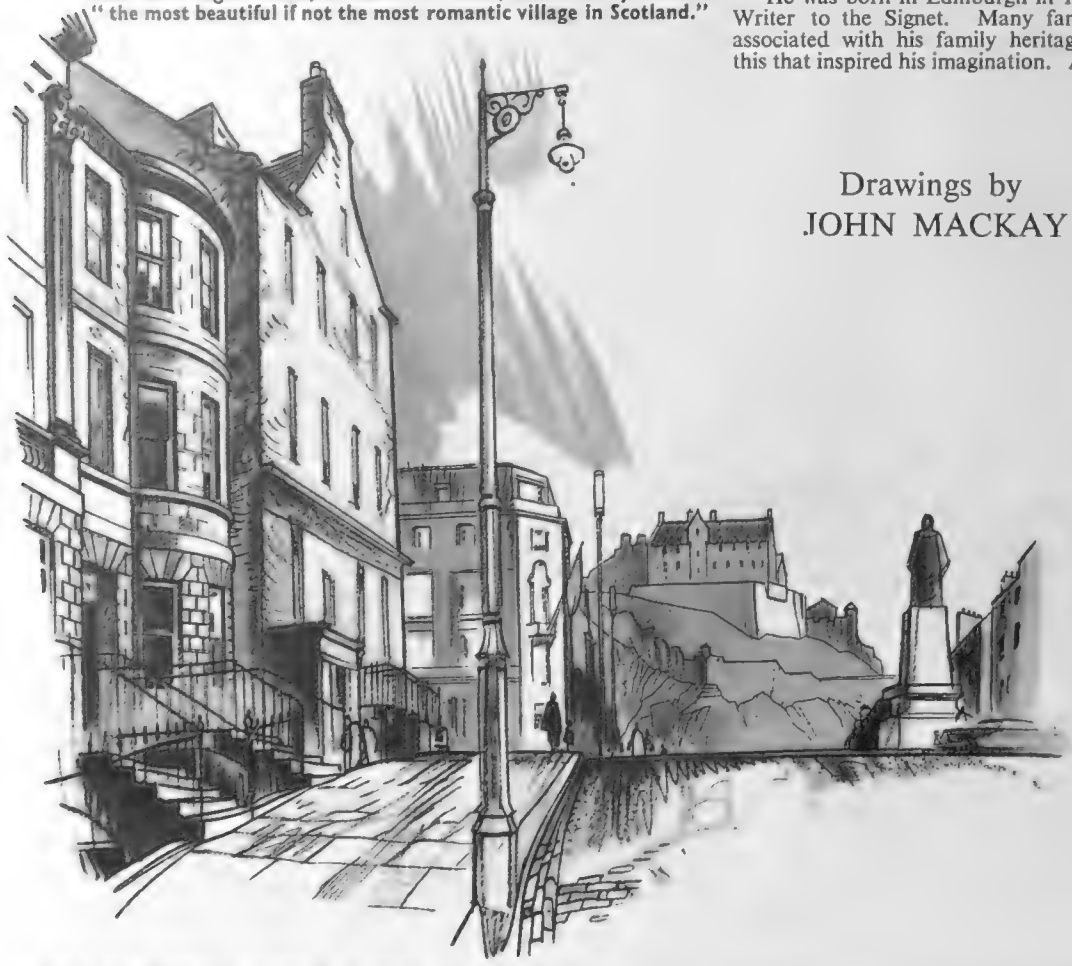
THE VIEW NEAR KELSO: As a child Sir Walter Scott became familiar with this view. He was often taken to his grandfather's farm at Sandyknowe adjoining the old Border Keep of the Smailholme Tower, near the village of Kelso, on the River Teviot, described by Scott as "the most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland."

On the poster this year for the twelfth Edinburgh International Festival is featured the monument to Sir Walter Scott. For long an object of opprobrium to many art critics, but to many a symbol of Edinburgh and one of its famous sons, it is fitting that this should be so. Without Sir Walter Scott and the immense and lasting popularity of the *Waverley Novels*, many visitors would never have visited Scotland. Not only did the novelist write so much about his native country, its famous battles and romantic traditions, but he also did much in a practical way as a citizen of the capital of Scotland. He was the advocate and organiser of the official visit of George IV to Edinburgh and he literally brought to light in the Castle the Regalia of Scotland.

He was born in Edinburgh in 1771, the son of a Writer to the Signet. Many famous names are associated with his family heritage; it was partly this that inspired his imagination. After he had been to school in Edinburgh and to the Faculty of Advocates, he married Charlotte Carpenter. In 1799 he was appointed deputy-sheriff of Selkirkshire, in 1806 a Clerk of Session.

His married life began in rooms in George Street, but soon expanded to a house in North Castle Street. It was in 1812 that he started to build Abbotsford—the house which eventually was to cost him more than £70,000. His later life was complicated by financial crisis. In 1805 he had bought a share in James Ballantyne's printing business. With him he became involved in the financial crisis of Constable, the publisher, and the London firm of Hurst and Robinson. Scott, careless as well as extravagant, found he was liable to a debt estimated initially at £130,000. Within four years his creditors had received 9s. in the pound, but by then Scott was a dying man. In 1832 he was buried in the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, in St. Mary's Aisle.

Drawings by
JOHN MACKAY



AFTER HIS MARRIAGE: Scott set up house at No. 39, North Castle Street, in Edinburgh. It was here, in the house with the curved front, near the corner of George Street and within sight of the Castle, that he produced the bulk of the *Waverley Novels* to pay off the debts which he had incurred during financial misfortunes.

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, GEORGE STREET: This building houses the Edinburgh Festival Club. In the rooms, the authorship of the anonymous writer of the *Waverley Novels* was disclosed 150 years ago.

IN THE HIGHLANDS: **This view of Loch Achray, in Perthshire, shows the approach to Ben Venue and the wooded defile leading to Loch Katrine known as "The Trossachs."** It was the setting for Scott's long narrative poem "The Lady of the Lake." Some of the scenes of *Rob Roy* were also set in the area. The region is a labyrinth of rocks and mounds covered with oaks, birch, heather and foxgloves —"so wondrous wild the whole might seem the scenery of a dream," wrote Scott.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FAVOURITE VIEW: On the road to Dryburgh Abbey, in Berwickshire, between Melrose and Bemersyde, can be seen the horseshoe-bend of the Tweed. In the centre are the triple peaks of the Eildon Hills. From the top of the highest of these Scott said he could "point out forty-three places famous in war and verse." Bemersyde has been the seat of the Haigs for over 700 years; the mansion was presented to Earl Haig in 1921.

On right—

A MANSION OF MANY TURRETS: **In the Valley of Tweed, between Melrose and Galashiels, Scott built his house called Abbotsford.** Like the surrounding estate on which he planted nearly all the trees, it is the creation of Scott himself. Still in the possession of his descendants, it is open to visitors and houses personal memorials and the private collection of objects of Scottish antiquity which the novelist collected.

Below—

THE MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT IN PRINCES STREET GARDENS: **The 200-ft. memorial in Edinburgh was designed by George Meikle Kemp, a self-taught architect, who worked as a mason.** It is decorated with sculptured figures of characters from the novelist's works. Top right is Ellen, the Lady of the Lake. Centre is Sir Halbert Glendinning, the Knight of Avenel, from *The Abbot*, and below Bailie Nicol Jarvie from *Rob Roy*. In the background can be seen the National Gallery and Edinburgh Castle.

DRYBURGH ABBEY: **In 1832 Scott died at Abbotsford and was buried in the Abbey.** On the spot occupied by the sixth-century sanctuary of St. Modan, the Abbey was founded in 1150 by Hugh de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale. It was twice attacked by the English in the fourteenth century, and after a more complete destruction by the Earl of Hertford in 1544, it seems never to have been rebuilt. In the North Transept, which is known as St. Mary's Aisle, Scott is buried.

BUILDING A MOTORWAY

Bridges and Viaducts Form an Important Part of the Preston By-pass, in Lancashire

As a result of the inauguration of the London to Birmingham motorway and the subsequent attention on the progress on the section now under construction near Luton, in Bedfordshire, many of Britain's other road construction projects have slipped unobtrusively into the background. One of these is the Preston By-pass motorway—Britain's very first stretch of motor road—and although the limelight has shifted from the North to the South, work is progressing satisfactorily in Lancashire. The work on the construction of the motor road has been forging ahead since June 1956. It was formally inaugurated by Mr. Hugh Molson and has since been visited by Mr. Harold Watkinson, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation.

Over eight miles long, the highway will be reserved exclusively for motor traffic. It will have twin carriageways, each 24 ft. wide, and will eventually form part of the Birmingham-Shap motor road. In the construction of the Preston By-pass, the engineers and builders have had to take into consideration a number of existing roads, footpaths, railways, rivers and streams. As a result, for the laying of the motor road, twenty-three bridges have to be built and the cost of the bridgeworks is just over a third of the total cost of the motorway. Various types of structure have been chosen for the bridges. The bridge in the foreground of the picture on the right shows the steel-and-concrete six-span viaduct which will carry the new motorway over the A.675 Preston-Belmont-Bolton road and over the River Darwen at Higher Walton. The viaduct will be 470 ft. long and divided into four spans of nearly 100 ft., with two end spans of 40 ft. In its construction the piers and foundations are in reinforced concrete: the deck will be formed of continuous steel plate girders over six spans with a reinforced concrete slab.

WORK PROCEEDS ON BRITAIN'S FIRST STRETCH OF MOTOR ROAD: In the foreground, lorries, tractors and excavators are at work in preparing the foundations for a stretch of the Preston By-pass motorway, at Higher Walton, in Lancashire. The bridge under construction will carry the new motorway over the A675 road and over the River Darwen. Pictures by Aerofilms Ltd.

PAVING THE WAY FOR BRITAIN'S INCREASING FLOW OF TRAFFIC: The aerial view shows the stretch of the Preston By-pass motorway which is taking shape at Samlesbury. At this point a fly-over bridge is being constructed to cross the existing Preston-Blackburn road and River Ribble in one stride. In the background are the link roads to join with the roundabouts on the existing road. On the near side of the river work is in progress on the track of the new road which will curve away past Ribbleton.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

BRITAIN BUILDS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

MUCH has been made in recent years of the importance to Britain's balance of payments of "the export of know-how." This is a convenient Americanism that stands for the technical and operational knowledge of how to carry out an industrial process which customers abroad find worth while paying for, over and above the precise specifications that they can obtain by paying a licence fee for the actual patent. It is most commonly thought of in connection with fresh inventions or techniques in "science-based" industries, such as electronics and chemical engineering.

Yet Britain's largest and most regular "export of know-how" takes place in the oldest-established, and in some ways the most traditional, of all her industries—civil engineering. This is "know-how" pure and simple: most countries, within limits, have competent construction industries of their own. The contractor tendering for an overseas project will usually propose to employ local labour, and to get all the materials he can locally; nor has he often special techniques at his command which are not known and practised by at least a wide range of eager competitors. He is selling purely his ability as a planner and organiser of large-scale construction, and his reputation for doing it more satisfactorily, quickly, or economically than local companies or his international competitors.

British contractors' reputations for being able to do just that are at present worth nearly £100,000,000 a year to this country. In the twelve months which ended March 1957, building and civil engineering contractors with headquarters in this country carried out work overseas to the value of £94,000,000, and obtained new orders for about as much work again, leaving £104,000,000 worth of contracts outstanding on their books. Later figures have not yet been published officially, but it seems likely that for 1957-58 the total work carried out will have been significantly higher.

The sixty-odd companies which engage in this specialised kind of export activity (which never appears in any ordinary figures of export trade) are carrying on a tradition that has spread British engineering across the world for something over a century. Building and other forms of construction go back as far as any civilisation anywhere, and often teams of expert masons used to travel a long way to work on particularly ambitious structures. But the main sweep of overseas contracting came with the industrial revolution which sent European and, in particular, British engineers round the world blazing the trail of the new technology. That trail, in the first place, was of iron; it was the development of railways by such pioneers as Thomas Brassey that first established Britain's international reputation in civil engineering. But in opening up vast new territories to industrialisation, civil engineers have put their hands to a vast variety of works—bridges, canals, tunnels, docks and harbour works, irrigation schemes and dams—in climates presenting every kind of physical handicap.

That surge of civil engineering, lasting up to and beyond the First World War, was backed by an equally prodigious swell of overseas investment. British engineers opened up India, Mexico, Egypt and parts of Africa, carried out vast works in Australia and New Zealand, and at the same time contributed substantially to the transport systems of America and Europe, with the aid of British capital in venturesome ownership. The First World War weakened both the financial resources and the confidence of the British investor. British civil engineers operating overseas were no longer able to command long-term credit facilities for their projects; and began to experience a growing competition from American engineering firms.

The pace of world development, moreover, slackened with the world depression. Industrialised countries had built up a vast bank of industrial facilities that they were not wholly using, and were inclined to keep such public works programmes as they did begin for their own people. The less developed countries, unable to sell their primary products on the world market, simply could not gather the resources for the "take-off into industrialism" that their young men were beginning to desire. Competition for such contracts as came on offer was bitter; the contractor had to scrape down his margins of profit to secure a job, and even if he got it uncertainties of payment often imposed further worries. In one or two fields, the development of fresh industries did guarantee somewhat steadier activity: both oil and electricity were in their early stages of rapid expansion. But the going was difficult: quite a number of civil engineering firms drew in their horns and concentrated mainly on what business they could get in Britain.

Since the Second World War, in contrast, the pace of development throughout the world has accelerated to an unparalleled rate. Reconstruction work in war-ravaged areas has been succeeded by a wave of development in countries throughout the world where nationalism has been in the ascendant, and where the ever-present danger of Communism has given the new governments a powerful lever in bargaining for Western financial aid. At the same time, prosperity in the more advanced countries of the Commonwealth, Canada, South Africa and Australasia has swelled the demand. Hydro-electricity and facilities for oil development have still been making the pace: but airport development, both civil and military, has prolonged a powerful new demand first encountered on a large scale during the war.

In the early post-war years, American and British civil engineering firms had much of this business to themselves, because the Germans were busy on their own reconstruction; this attracted quite strong competition from the Italians and the French. To-day German contractors are back in full strength, but their Continental competitors are naturally unwilling to surrender the foothold they have won in this difficult world market. As and when demand slips—and for the world as a whole, development still seems to occur in waves—this means more bitter competition than ever.

It is a measure of the quality and experience of the British firms in this business that their main competitive difficulties to-day are with the financial and credit arrangements concerned in getting a contract. They have plenty of experience with the wide array of differing complex problems of design, pre-planning, administration and on-the-site organisation. But the operation demands specified and on time, so that all the owner has to do is to turn the key, walk in, and take possession. Such contracts are sometimes best handled by groups of consulting engineers, civil engineers, mechanical and electrical engineers; consortiums for specific projects or generally for work of a particular kind have been formed for big jobs abroad.

Financial risks for the civil engineer in this specialised kind of export trade are of a rather different order from those surrounding any ordinary sale of goods abroad. The civil engineer, like any builder, is making an entirely specialised product to order on the customer's chosen site, and an immovable one; he is normally paid by progress payments as the work goes on. In the event of any dispute or failure to pay, there is no question of his suing for the return of his goods, or refusing delivery, though he can stop work on a project. Moreover, these are vastly expensive developments, usually since the war in poor countries that are short of capital and only gradually beginning to accumulate any: they need the basic development in order to raise the standard of living enough for people to be able to save.

Such customers, therefore, usually ask for fairly long-term credits from the companies tendering for a contract, and the companies themselves require fairly extensive credit insurance. There are limits to this: there is no point in encouraging exports if one practically has to give the customers the money to pay with, as here and there the Russians are beginning to do. Among

THE HOSPITAL IN THE KARIBA TOWNSHIP: The building was constructed by Richard Costain (Africa) Ltd. on a hill, the top of which was bulldozed-off to provide a level site. The township was built to house workers on the Kariba dam in Rhodesia. Within 24 hours of being awarded the contract, Costains had dispatched the first wave of equipment to the site. An immense amount of work was undertaken—clearing the bush, constructing all internal roads, sewerage, water reticulation and the erection of a European and African township for more than 10,000 people.

efforts at many levels: preparation of a master plan covering the principal steps to be taken, the methods used and the sequence and periods for the main sections of the work; co-ordination of activities with the electrical and mechanical engineers also likely to be engaged on the job; arrangement for delivery of equipment and materials in the right quantities at the right times; transport of skilled staff and managers, and arrangements for housing these and the army of local labourers taken on. It is a complex exercise in what the army calls "logistics"—complicated by the fact that the overseas customer almost always prefers to get work begun before the planning is really completed.

One post-war development in contracting is that these overseas customers, particularly in the countries that have recently achieved self-government and are desperately short of experts who are competent to give much overall supervision, are more and more requiring "turnkey contracts." This means the appointment of a master contractor to co-ordinate the whole of the work on a project—and in the building of, say, a steel-works in India the number of different contractors and sub-contractors may run into hundreds—and to take full responsibility for the completion of the work as

Western countries there are agreements about the length of credit which can be granted to finance overseas developments, arrived at simply to stop the contracting countries engaging in a ruinous "credit race." Even so, in recent years British contractors have sometimes felt that their competitors have secured business by minor differences in credit terms. Sticking scrupulously to our financial rules is a sensible policy, but there may also be sense in adjusting these rates

Incomings to Britain may admittedly be less than that face value as published, because of the heavy expenditures incurred abroad in doing the job. But more often than not a civil engineering contract for Britain to carry out any industrial development will mean a train of orders for British plant and machinery, then and in later years. Britain is still a substantial exporter of capital, but no longer on the scale of fifty years ago. The army of British administrators and overseas Civil Servants, whose instinct was to buy British if there was nothing better, is being replaced by native officials. Britain's part in engineering abroad, bereft of those traditional advantages, depends more than ever upon the quality, ingenuity and acumen of the constructional engineers we continue to command.

(Further pictures on following page)

EXTENSIONS TO THE HARBOUR AT TAKORADI, IN GHANA

At Ghana's only deep-sea port, Takoradi, trading capacity was tripled after a project was completed involving large-scale extensions. The contract was for £5,000,000. Included in the work was the construction of 4,000 ft. of quay walls, a main wharf extension of 1,400 ft., and the building of a large railway marshalling yard. Over 49 acres of land were reclaimed from the sea during the extensions. The contract was carried out by Taylor Woodrow (West Africa) Ltd. for the Ghana Railways and Harbours Administration. The consulting engineers were Rendel Palmer and Tritton. Further extensions to another port were undertaken by the same firm in Nigeria. The photograph on the right shows the work carried out at Port Harcourt by Taylor Woodrow (Nigeria) Ltd. Extensions to the existing wharf along the side of the Niger Delta are being carried out for the Government of the Federation of Nigeria through the Crown Agents for Overseas Governments and Administrations.

LUSAKA HIGH COURT, NORTHERN RHODESIA

The contract for the construction of this building at Lusaka was won on the fastest building programme submitted. That submitted by Richard Costain (Africa) Ltd. was twenty-two weeks ahead of the next best time proposed. Even so, Costains completed the work eight weeks ahead of schedule. Externally the façades of the High Court bear a resemblance to late Georgian architecture, exemplified by the six tall Ionic columns of the main entrance portico and the projecting cornice at roof level. Aluminium louvres are fitted to the west facing windows. By automatic control they change position as the sun moves.

AT PORT HARCOURT: Travelling cranes (in the background) are engaged in the work of extending the wharf of this harbour along the bank of one of the outlets of the Niger Delta in Nigeria.

BRITAIN BUILDS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

(*continued from previous page*)

CHARTER HOUSE, SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA

On left—

The twelve-storey building with its imposing frontage was constructed by John Howard and Co. (Africa), Ltd., a wholly owned subsidiary of John Howard and Co., Ltd., at a cost of £500,000 for the British South Africa Company, who occupy it jointly with the Anglo-American Corporation. This building, already a landmark in the town of Salisbury, in Southern Rhodesia, was completed in June of this year. It is formed of two main elements in mass; the front wing forms three sides of a courtyard and houses the promoting company, and the tower portion above the second floor houses the Anglo-American Corporation. There is a projecting wing at the rear. The Charter House building was designed by Francis Lorne, an American architect living in Rhodesia, and it took two years to build. John Howard and Co. (Africa), Ltd., is also constructing the new Pearl Assurance Building in Salisbury, which will be the tallest in the Federation. It is claimed by the Company that it has built more dwellings in Rhodesia than any other civil engineering and building contractor.

On left—

FLOOR DESIGN

A floor of unusual design, a Diagrid Floor, is being built by Wates Limited, the building and civil engineering contractors, in the new United States Embassy at Grosvenor Square, London. The grid, which is on the first floor, contains over 200 tons of steel and requires £6,000's worth of shuttering and supports to the floor. The full area of the main block and both wings will be patterned on the underside by diamond-shaped relief work in diagrid construction, fashioned by the use of precast units, 26 ins. deep, U-shaped and set at 7-ft. 9½-in. centres. The overall depth of the level is 42 ins. made up of 11-in. and 4-in. slabs and 31-in. and 38-in. projecting beams beneath.

The construction of this floor is being undertaken in three phases. First, the setting out and placing of the diagrid precast units and the steel-fixing and concrete pouring for them. This is followed by the placing and fixing of trunking for air-conditioning ventilation, and the heating, plumbing and electrical carcasing, including cork insulation for trunking. Finally, with shuttering placed at the second slab soffite level, the third phase constitutes steel-fixing and pouring of concrete for the floor slab proper. The work is supported by a mesh of tubular scaffolding and adjustable jacks, designed and supplied by S.G.B. The grillage of these supports is at approximately 5-ft. 9-in. centres, which relates to the 11-ft. grid on which the new building is based.

FRUIT-PICKER AT WORK: *Left*—Bushel boxes, carried empty at rear, are filled in front. *Above*—Releasing the filled boxes. *On right*—The new machine is put through its paces. *Below*—Demonstrating the equipment's versatility. Only one person is required to operate it—the picker himself.

A FRUIT-PICKING MACHINE

A large crowd of spectators, including many farmers and agricultural officials, recently gathered at the farm of John Roberts and Son, of Iden, near Rye, in Sussex, to witness a Canadian fruit-picking machine being put through its paces in Britain for the first time. The demonstration was without question a success and those who saw the machine in action were left in no doubt of its great potentialities. Invented by Mr. Ted Trump, of British Columbia, the equipment has precise manœuvrability, together with ease of control. Only one person is needed to work it—the picker himself. Standing on the lift, the operator puts the engine into gear and drives to the orchard. There, at the touch of a button, he can place himself among the trees at any height to suit his convenience. The plucked fruit is put straight into bushel boxes which are easily lowered to the ground. The hydraulic and mobile system operates from a 9 h.p. petrol engine. Frequently used in Canada, the fruit-picking machines, when in production in Britain, will cost in the region of £600. Not only can the machine be used for fruit-picking, but also for spraying or painting walls where the use of a ladder would be cumbersome.

The World of Books

A WORLD-FAMOUS NEGRO SINGER

Paul Robeson's Declaration of Faith and his Life Story; Problems of the Campus; Plot and Counter-plot in Tangier; Inside an Israeli Communal Settlement, and Other Fiction

TO greet him on his return to England after many years there are two publications concerning the great Negro singer, Mr. Paul Robeson. One is his own declaration of faith: the moral, political and social faith for which he has unquestionably suffered in the past twenty years. The other is a biography by Miss Marie Seton. There is no more than an autobiographical sketch in Mr. Robeson's HERE I STAND (Dobson. 10s. 6d.), an impression of the childhood and the family of the man who was to emerge world-famous through his magnificent voice and presence, but it is enough to show in what way the early influences worked. His father was a clergyman, his brother, who is also his neighbour in Harlem, is a parson at the present time and the young Robesons were brought up to a high code of behaviour and in an atmosphere of great affection and mutual trust. They were not, in a word, brought up to hate white men and to this day, even the most revolutionary of Paul Robeson's speeches or statements contain little of that corrosive feeling.

You may not agree—I most emphatically do not—with Mr. Robeson's view of the Communist experiment or the objects of international Communism. I think, however, that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt said the just and final word some nine years ago in referring to his persecution in the United States, which has included the banning and boycotting of his work, constant threats of violence and the withdrawal of his passport. This is what she wrote: "I dislike everything Paul Robeson is now saying . . . I still believe, however, that if he wants to give a concert, or speak his mind in public, no one should prevent him from doing so."

PAUL ROBESON (Dobson. 21s.) is Miss Seton's more formal biography, in which she traces Robeson's rise to the status of an international star, his immense success in this country and his abiding feeling for it, then his increasing political affiliation and the ostracism which, in America, resulted from that. During these post-war years his passport had been taken from him and the "opposition" had resorted even to such absurdly mean tricks as deleting his name from the American Sports Annual in which it should have appeared as an All-American football player between 1917 and 1918.

In his foreword to Miss Seton's book, Sir Arthur Bryant dissociates himself from the political opinions of the biographer or the biographer's subject, but he does say that he hopes "with many thousands of my countrymen . . . that he will be able to visit us again, to express in our midst the Convictions he holds, and to delight and move us once more 'with his garland and singing robes about him.'"

Mr. Robert Gutwillig, an American writing about essentially American scenes, is the first of this week's novelists. AFTER LONG SILENCE (Gollancz. 15s.) is, on one level, a story about how drunk everyone gets immediately after college life. On another level, it is a sensitive and compassionate account of a group of young people engaged, though only partially, in an academic career, finding their feet and testing their capacities in every sense of the words. What saves this novel from being just another compendium of case histories, a diary full of lost week-ends and casual bedding, is the author's compassion which clearly stops this side of indulgence but reveals a complete, contemporary understanding of what I suppose I must call problems.

The university in question is presumably on the East Coast of the United States, the students and dons as heterogeneous lot as occur in any similar academic body. In the small group which Mr. Gutwillig follows through work, play, ambitions and inevitably, political bias, there is one man older than the rest although a fellow student. Partly because of his difference in age, partly because of his war experience, but mainly because of his dangerous quality of charm, this man not only influences the others but becomes a kind of touchstone of conduct for them.

The results are sometimes hilariously funny, sometimes grotesque and, in one or two cases, tragic. What emerges from the reader's point of view is an account of the existences of young, moderately well-off people to whom wildness is a matter of pride and alcoholism an accepted risk. Fascinating in a morbid way and excellently well written with some wisecracks which seem all the better for being immature.

In spite of its collegiate and post-collegiate background, I am not sure that Mr. Gutwillig's book doesn't achieve a greater maturity of expression than Mr. Rupert Croft Cooke's BARBARY NIGHT (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 13s. 6d.), which is an adventure story about a Foreign Office character who loses his post after serving a term of imprisonment for fiddling with used motor-cars, is divorced by his wife (a two-dimensional person, this) and lands in Tangier, where he is immediately approached by agents of that well-known Foreign Power and threatened by emissaries of his own late employers. There are some attractive descriptions of the town and countryside and a commendable effort to convey tension and imminent danger, but perhaps the most effective passages in the story are those in which the hero and the slightly glum heroine are keyed up to death and disaster and find that their worst ordeal is the almost interminable, anti-climatic waiting for the blow to fall. Readable, of course, since it is by this distinguished writer, but not his best contribution to fiction.

Mr. Russell Braddon has written a novel which is, in fact, an indictment of the present system of caring for people with mental illnesses in this country. GABRIEL

A FAMOUS NOVELIST'S WIDOW MARRIES: Leaving the registry office in Kensington, London, is Mr. Michael Pitt-Rivers, a cousin of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, with his bride, the former Mrs. Sonia Blair-Orwell, widow of the late George Orwell, author of *1984*, after their marriage.

COMES TO 24 (Hutchinson. 15s.) is a challenge and a violent one. The author has, without any doubt, done considerable research on the unhappy subject and he has, just as certainly, written this book in a white-hot determination to expose the antiquated accommodation, the dangerous overcrowding, the capricious standards of treatment and the inevitable inefficiency of the medical care in these conditions. The fact that he has rather overweighted and possibly oversimplified the particular case he is arguing simply means that he is writing in complete earnest and that his usual awareness of the shape and form of a novel is temporarily in abeyance.

The principal character here is a middle-aged man who is in hospital for an appendix operation. On an impulse which seems to him and probably to the reader, perfectly reasonable, he throws a potful of gladioli at the specialist and is consequently escorted to the redoubtable psychoti ward for observation. There, after long incarceration an inevitable companionship with the truly insane, his ow mind begins to weaken. Admirable as a plea from writer with a social conscience but, however you take it, uncomfortable reading.

ROAD TO WITHIN (MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.) has been written by an author who strenuously denies that it is autobiographical but must accept the fact that readers will appreciate it all the more for sensing that it is based on fact. Miss Ruth Chomut, who is now at least twenty-five went to Israel four years ago, worked there in a *kibbutz* or communal settlement, and got married. Her heroine does much the same, which means that although places and details have painstakingly been changed or transposed there is the unmistakable scent of authenticity about Miss Chomut's very likable, young and vital novel.

Mr. William Haggard is concerned with a different aspect of adventure in THE TELEMANN TOUCH (Cassell. 13s. 6d.), which is a high-powered tale of powerful oil companies, H.M. Government, men of integrity and beautiful native charmers in an unidentifiable island. Briefly, this is the story of a small British colony or protectorate in which a British oil company develops a splendid well with resulting threats from that old familiar Foreign Power who send over a professional killer to polish off the Scot in charge. The drama ends with Telemann the Thug in a duel with his adversary but before that there is a plot quite exciting enough for me to keep to myself, for fear of spoiling your enjoyment.

The nine short stories which make up the new collection from that ebullient, racy Welsh writer, Mr. Rhys Davies, are named after the best of them, THE DARLING OF HER HEART (Heinemann. 15s.). They are as full of vitality and gusto as any of this author's work and they are as inescapably Welsh even if one discounts such clues to origin as: "A dramatic soprano shriek greeted him as he walked into the odorous parlour. 'Aled!' Angharad cried, 'I've only just heard about it from Mrs. Price the Goitre!' And, full-based, she collapsed to a chair behind the big table. . . ." Mr. Davies is a particularly gifted writer of short stories. His ingenious plots fit into the small compass easily and the reader is given a necessary breathing space between the helpings of a very rich fare.

The historical novel of the week is THE WILLING HEART (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.), in which Hilda Lamb has written about an illegitimate son of Richard III against a background of Henry VII's court in London and the rural pleasures of Suffolk. What gives this book its particular flavour is the author's note that she has reconstructed an actual episode in her own family history, from her knowledge, as she puts it, of characteristics common to her people and from actual personalities and events. Incidentally, she is able to give their medieval address, which I found charming and comically English in spirit: "Hawes in le Bushes, Walshom le Willows, Suffolk, Com."

SPOTTED HEMLOCK (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is not the very best thing that Miss Gladys Mitchell ever wrote about the sleuthing of her incomparable Dame Beatrice Bradley, she of the saurian smile, but it is still pretty good and I recommend it to you for your holiday reading, or to console you if your holiday is already past.

Vernon Fane

MUSIC AND DANCE

A Composer's Survey of the Ballet

Ballet is usually approached from the aspect of choreography, which is the most important element in the art. The music, however, is of considerable consequence, and it is often this, rather than the dance, which makes or mars a ballet. As Humphrey Searle points out in his BALLET MUSIC (Cassell. 21s.), the score, if not specially written, must be carefully chosen. Symphonies, as a rule, are not suitable, being built up in movements to a continuous whole. What is needed is a series of simple episodes. A solo dance, or a *pas de deux*, or even a *pas de cinq* can last only a very few minutes. The author, being himself a composer and having served on the Sadler's Wells Ballet Advisory Panel, is a master of his subject, and the book is both a history and an explanation of ballet music. His starting-point is the famous banquet at Tortona in 1489, when each dish was brought in with an appropriate dance. This is generally regarded as the beginning of ballet as art-form. Great progress was made under Louis XIV, patron and, one is apt to forget, performer in his Court ballets. Women first began to take part in 1681, an innovation by Lully, and there was further development in the art under Louis XV. The early part of the nineteenth century saw the great days of the Italians and later came the ascendency of the Russians. So to the present day with ballet flourishing in several countries, not the least among them being Britain. A list of some first performances, a bibliography and a discography round off a volume which is scholarly and very readable. *Ballet Music* is sure of a deservedly popular demand.

The story of the scientists who through the centuries have built up our present knowledge of microbes is the theme of THE WORLD OF THE INFINITELY SMALL, by L. J. Ludovici (Phoenix House. 15s.). The sub-title, *Explorations through the Microscope*, is apt. Often the explorers struggled against great odds and contemporary prejudice. Sometimes they deliberately endangered their own lives. In a survey from Hippocrates to Fleming, lesser names have their place besides the now accepted giants, and we learn that drains as much as drugs have had their part in the conquest of disease-bearing bacteria. Occasionally Mr. Ludovici sees things in their wrong proportions. Thucydides, for instance, was much more than "an historian." After 2,500 years he remains the greatest of all writers of history. Although the book is apparently intended primarily for youngish readers, there seems little point in trying to cover with a euphemism the nature of the disease on which Erhlich concentrated so much of his research.

Two new books contrast the Gallic and the Teutonic styles. Brigitte Friang is a Frenchwoman and a journalist. In PARACHUTES AND PETTICOATS (Jarrolds. 21s.) the bulk of her autobiographical tale is concerned with how she went in 1951 to report the war in Indo-China. She fulfilled a lifelong ambition and became a fully qualified parachutist, jumping with the French and South Vietnamese and being regarded by the troops as their mascot. But the most telling part of the book is the short prologue of her experiences in the Second World War. Mlle Friang was a very active Resistance worker in her native country and was captured by the Gestapo. In a few brief sentences she

SOUND AND COLOUR AT THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO IN LONDON: A general view of the White City Stadium showing some of the 2,000 troops lined up in the arena during the opening performance of the seventh annual Tattoo organised to raise funds for the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association.

This year's Searchlight Tattoo was considered by many to have been one of the finest for several years. Not only were there more skill and thrills than ever before, but a number of new items were introduced, and these blended happily with the old favourites. About 2,000 men and women from the Army, Navy and Air Force, provided a Tattoo which was a combination of colour and tableau. One of the most spectacular items was the restaging of a battle between cowboys and Indians by officers and men of the Royal Army Service Corps and Royal Engineers, while the musical drive by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery was accompanied by a roar of artillery. The main attraction was the Drum and Bugle Corps of the United States Air Force. Half-marching, half-dancing, the bandsmen, wearing blue uniforms, white cravats, gloves and spats, played swing music.

A STAR IN T. S. ELIOT'S NEW PLAY: Anna Massey blows out the twenty-one candles on the cake which was given to her by Henry Sherek (left) and Paul Rogers (right) on her twenty-first birthday. The surprise gift was presented during a break in rehearsals at the Criterion Theatre, in London, for T. S. Eliot's play *The Elder Statesman*, which will open during the Edinburgh International Festival. It is being presented by Henry Sherek and stars Paul Rogers, as the Elder Statesman, with Anna Massey in the other leading role.

conveys the bestial treatment she received from the hands of her captors and reveals herself as a woman of supreme courage.

Hans Dibold is an Austrian doctor who was attached to the German Sixth Army in Russia. DOCTOR AT STALINGRAD (Hutchinson. 16s.) records his life in captivity after the surrender of von Paulus. The author has many virtues, including courage and sincerity, but the style of the book is turgid and prolix, and the horrifying condition of the German wounded is described in minute detail. As with all war books from the German side, the impression is created that the citizens of the Greater Reich were the unfortunate victims of a carnage for which they had no responsibility.

It looks as if there is going to be no end to the surfeit of war books being stuffed down readers' gullets. Another current trend in publishing is for books about wild animals and jungles. AHEAD LIES THE JUNGLE, by Suresh Vaidya (Hale. 18s.), is an interesting account of observing wild creatures in India. But there seems little purpose in writing at the present about elephants, for no one is likely to improve on Richard Carrington's *Elephants*, which was reviewed in this column last week.

The same qualification applies to AFRICAN JUNGLE MEMORIES, by John F. Burger (Hale. 18s.), which is another personal account of a trek, although in a different continent. Here again is an interesting volume for those wishing to be well-read in junglology. But it is to be hoped that publishers will begin to curb their enthusiasm for this type of literature. Otherwise the market will suffer from over-production.

C.D.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM IN BUENOS AIRES: With Jacques Singer (left), Sir Thomas walks down the stairs at the Teatro Colon. He conducted the American Symphony Orchestra during a season commemorating the theatre's fiftieth anniversary, and was loudly applauded. All the seats in the theatre were sold. Jacques Singer is the regular conductor of the American orchestra in the capital of Argentina.

On left—

THE RETURN TO THE LONDON STAGE OF BEATRICE LILLIE: The famous actress is seen on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre, in the Strand, rehearsing the name part of Auntie Mame, which she has already played during a long run in New York. With Miss Lillie at the head of the cast will be Florence Desmond, as Vera, Auntie Mame's drunken but devoted friend. Miss Desmond is also understudying for Beatrice Lillie. The last time she understudied Miss Lillie was in Noël Coward's *This Year of Grace*, thirty years ago. *Auntie Mame*, by Mr. Jerome Lawrence and Mr. Robert Lee, is "a non-musical revue" based on the novel by Mr. Patrick Dennis, who says that when he wrote it, he had Beatrice Lillie in mind for "this zany but lovable character." "*Auntie Mame*," explains the author, "is a pastiche, or a mish-mash if you please, with no plot (at least I don't think it has a plot) and a central character who is frankly a bit of a whack. This character, Mame, goes through about twenty years of the times, beginning in 1928, with a gradually ageing and orphaned nephew in tow."

CARS AND THEIR TYRES

Taking a Car Abroad; Two New British Sports Models; a Sad Loss to the Motor Racing World; Britain's Outstanding Achievement in the German Grand Prix; and Other Motoring Notes

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

I WONDER how many motorists take the trouble, when they buy a new car, to have a look at their tyres to see which firm made them? Most of the big car manufacturers have contracts with a number of different tyre firms and your new car may be fitted with covers made by Dunlop, India, Goodyear, Michelin, Firestone or some other firm. Two men living next door to each other could each take delivery of a new Ford Zephyr on the same day and find that they were equipped with different makes of tyre.

I raise this point because a friend told me the other day of the following interesting experience. He bought a car, ran it for a year and liked it so much that he replaced it with precisely the same make and model. To his surprise the second car was nothing like as sure-footed as the first. In wet weather it had to be driven with care to avoid tail slides. On dry roads there was an excessive amount of tyre squeal when cornering and the covers needed replacing after 10,000 miles. Tyres of a different make on the first car held the road excellently, did not squeal on corners and lasted nearly 20,000 miles. The two cars were driven almost entirely by the same person on the same kind of journeys and with the same pressures.

The two sets of tyres were both well-known makes. I have since heard complaints about the road-holding of his car by a motorist who is using the same make of tyre as those which disappointed my friend. Personally, I should not have thought there was so much difference in quality between the tyres made by well-known firms. I wonder if the big car firms do all they should in the way of periodic tests of the different makes of tyre they fit on their various models?

To say, as some do, that you can take your car abroad on a 2½d. Stationery Office form 29C (Sale) instead of paying the A.A. or R.A.C. £3 for a carnet is just a little wide of the mark. Friends of mine who have recently taken advantage of the abolition by most Continental countries of the need for triptiques tell me that it can still be quite a costly business. If you are going to West Germany, for instance, you still have to buy an International Driving Permit, as that country does not recognise the national driving licences of other countries. It costs 10s. 6d. And if for any reason you are unable to take with you the car's registration book it will cost you another half a guinea for an International Certificate for Motor Vehicles.

Nor is that all. If you are travelling by Silver City it will probably cost you £1 to get your car through Customs. If you are a member of the R.A.C. or A.A. and their representative at Ferryfield has to help you fill in your Form 29C (Sale) he may charge you £1. This will certainly be the case if he has to provide a Form 29C (or the organisations' own equivalent, the Temporary Exportation Certificate) and if he has to search under the bonnet for the car's engine and chassis numbers. More or less in self-defence, I suppose, Silver City themselves charge £1 for giving the same assistance to motorists who belong to neither the A.A. nor R.A.C. They probably argue that if they didn't make a charge no one would pay for the services of the A.A. or R.A.C. representatives. They would just leave it to Silver City to sort out. That would obviously throw a big strain on the staff at busy Ferryfield, and might even interfere with the schedules.

Neither of the motoring organisations likes charging members £1 at airport or seaport (where the same rule applies). Most members are surprised, to say the least, when they are asked to hand over a one pound note. When this arrangement becomes better known most members will obviously prefer to write to their motoring organisation in advance, enclosing their cheque for £1, and asking them to make out the necessary Temporary Exportation Certificate. This saves a lot of trouble at the airport or seaport. I should imagine that while they are at it quite a number of members will decide to pay the extra £2 and get a full carnet, which offers a breakdown service and a number of other benefits, including (in the case of the A.A.) a copy of the Association's foreign touring guide. Motorists who book a passage on a British Railways cross-Channel boat pay nothing extra if their Form 29C (Sale) is in order, but they are charged 6s. each way if a member of the B.R. staff has to spend some time filling in the motorist's form and looking for the engine and chassis numbers.

I understand that Air Charter (who run the "Air Bridge" between Southend and Ostend) make no charge even if they have to help the customer to fill in his form. Neither do the Townsend Ferry organisation who operate a boat ferry between Dover and the Continent. This may be because their traffic is not quite so heavy and form-filling is not, for them, quite such an embarrassment. It seems obvious to me that before next season some uniform system of dealing with users of Form 29C (Sale) will have to be agreed by the motoring organisations, the air ferry operators and those who prefer us to go down to the sea in ships.

I am very much looking forward to trying out the new Twin-Cam M.G. Most of us, I am sure, expected some such model after Stirling Moss set up a number of speed records on the Utah Salt Flats last August in a special B.M.C. car—EX181—powered by a super-charged engine of just over 1½ litres with a twin overhead camshaft. Stirling covered the kilometre and mile at over 245 m.p.h. The engine of the new M.G., though not supercharged, is based on the unit used in the record-breaker. It has a capacity of 1,588 c.c. (compared with the 1,489 c.c. of the B.M.C. "B" series engine used in the standard M.G.A.), a compression ratio of 9·9 to one and develops 108 b.h.p. at 6,700 r.p.m. A top speed of more than 110 m.p.h. is claimed.

In addition to this potent power plant the only important difference between the Twin-Cam M.G. and the standard M.G.A. is the use of Dunlop disc brakes all round. In open two-seater form the new M.G. costs £843 (increased by tax to £1,265 17s.). As a fixed-head coupé the price is £904 (or £1,357 7s., including tax).

Incidentally, may I pay tribute to that gay, cheeky little newcomer to the ranks of two-seat sports cars: the 948-c.c. Austin-Healey Sprite? I drove one of these cars for several hundreds of miles on the Continent recently and it was a most exhilarating experience. The Sprite does only 80 m.p.h., which is modest as sports cars go, but it has a very lively turn of acceleration, holds the road well, has good brakes, steers positively and offers plenty of room for two full-size adults. The gear-change mechanism is a delight, the hood is easy to operate while offering good protection, and the luggage space is unbelievable.

The motorist planning a business trip or just journeying for pleasure will find the latest edition of the Road Distance Chart (which has been re-issued by the Royal Insurance Company) very helpful. It includes a simple ready-reckoner of distances between ninety-four towns, and by referring to a comprehensive supplementary list, distances between a further ninety-three towns can be obtained. In addition, the chart contains information regarding ferries on the major road routes.

The death of Peter Collins following a crash in the German Grand Prix has robbed motor racing of one of its most colourful and likeable personalities. Peter's infectious grin and his piquant observations on life in general as well as about motor sport will be missed for a very long time. So will his superb driving: the product of an uncanny skill at the wheel, an intimate knowledge of what goes on under the bonnet of a racing car and his own special brand of courage. Motor racing has taken an unusually heavy toll of well-known drivers during the last few years, but there is, happily, little risk of the world's racing circuits being closed—as there would be if motor racing had, after the Le Mans disaster, continued to take a heavy toll of spectators. But since nearly 100 people died in the Le Mans holocaust precautions for spectators' safety have been tightened up in most countries.

Drivers know the risks they run—like mountaineers and explorers—and while the dangerous driver must always be protected against his own folly, no attempt is likely to be made to stop motor racing on the grounds that cars may crash and drivers kill themselves.

Collins' fatal crash on the fabulous Nurburgring overshadowed, in the newspaper reports, a brilliant British victory. Tony Brooks, a young and unassuming dentist, won in a Vanwall at the record average speed of over 90 miles an hour. It was the first British car ever to win the German Grand Prix, and not since the late Dick Seaman became the first Briton ever to win a German Grand Prix (in 1938 in a Mercedes) had a British pilot triumphed in this gruelling race. Two other British cars—both Coopers—filled second and third positions. It was one of the most exciting races I have ever seen. Stirling Moss, Number One Vanwall driver, set off at a fantastic pace and had built up quite a big lead when his engine suddenly failed.

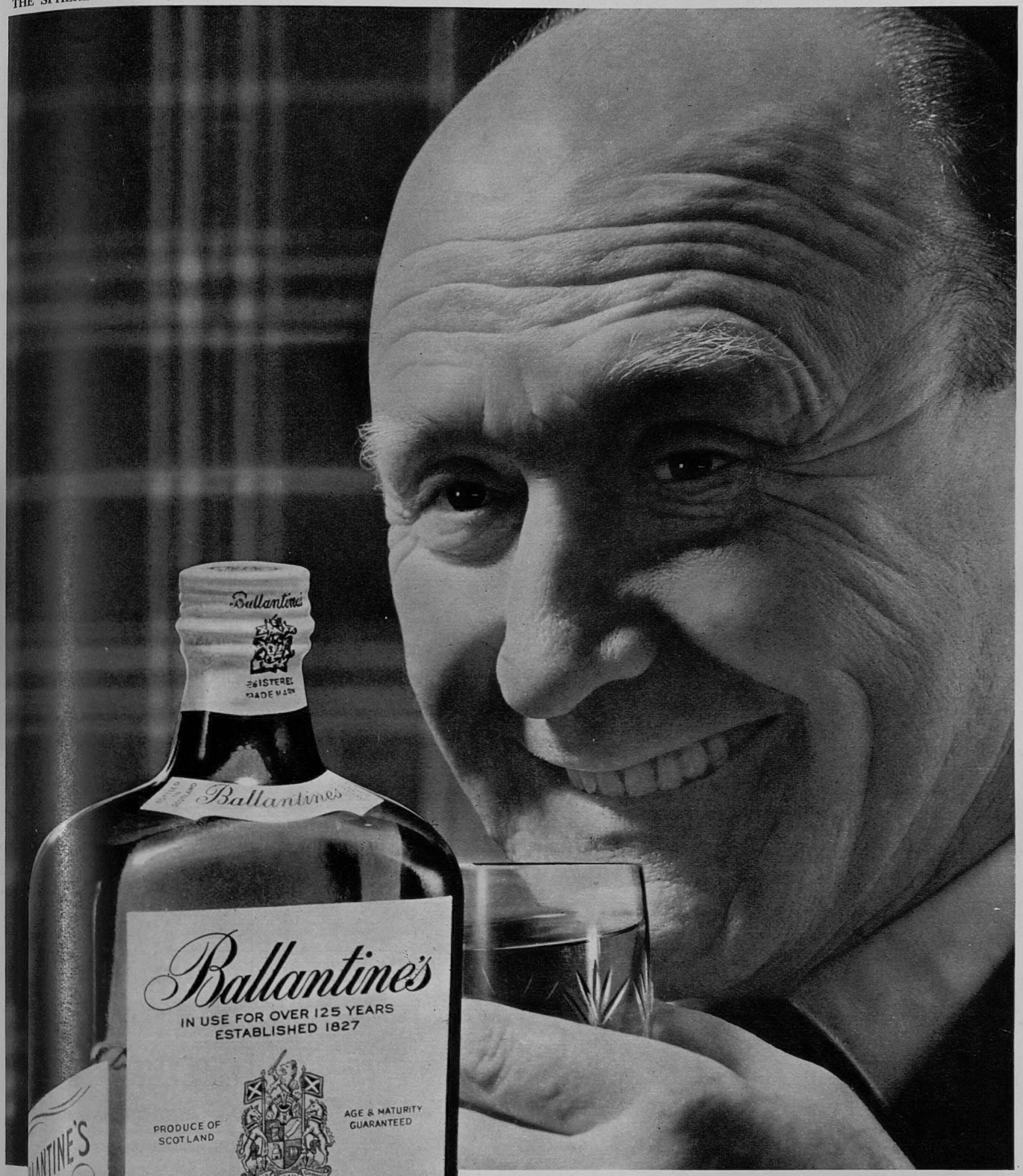
A NEW RECORD FOR A VEHICLE OF THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY: Nico (left) and Byron Nicolau stand in front of the series production Austin A.95 saloon in which they recently established a new record for the trans-African route Lourenço Marques (Mozambique) to Luanda (Portuguese West Africa). The 3,258 miles were covered in three days, eleven hours and forty-five minutes. The previous record, set up by a Ford V8, was six days, five hours.

The Ferraris of Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins, which had been chasing Moss, then took the lead, followed by Brooks, whose engine was misfiring. How Brooks piled on steam in a "Do or die" effort to pass the Ferraris and regain the lead lost by team-mate Moss will go down in motor racing history as one of the sagas of the sport. Brooks likes the Nurburgring and its 180 corners. He won the 1,000 kilometres sports-car race there last year in an Aston Martin. He knows the intricate circuit like the back of his hand. And the slight, quiet-spoken dentist proceeded to give a display of driving which for sheer artistry and dash rivalled the remarkable performance of world champion Juan Fangio in the same race last year.

As both Moss and Mike Hawthorn dropped out of the German race their relative positions in the world championship table underwent little change. Moss improved his position by one point, having made the fastest lap, so Hawthorn has scored 30 to Moss's 24.

VICTORY FOR BRITAIN: Tony Brooks raises his hand in triumph as his 2½-litre Vanwall passes the finishing line to win the German Grand Prix on the Nurburgring with a record average speed of 90·87 m.p.h.

GREAT SUCCESS OF THE LATEST BRITISH SPORTS CAR: The Austin-Healey Sprite, powered by a special 948-c.c. engine, has very lively acceleration which quickly takes it up to speeds of 80 miles per hour.



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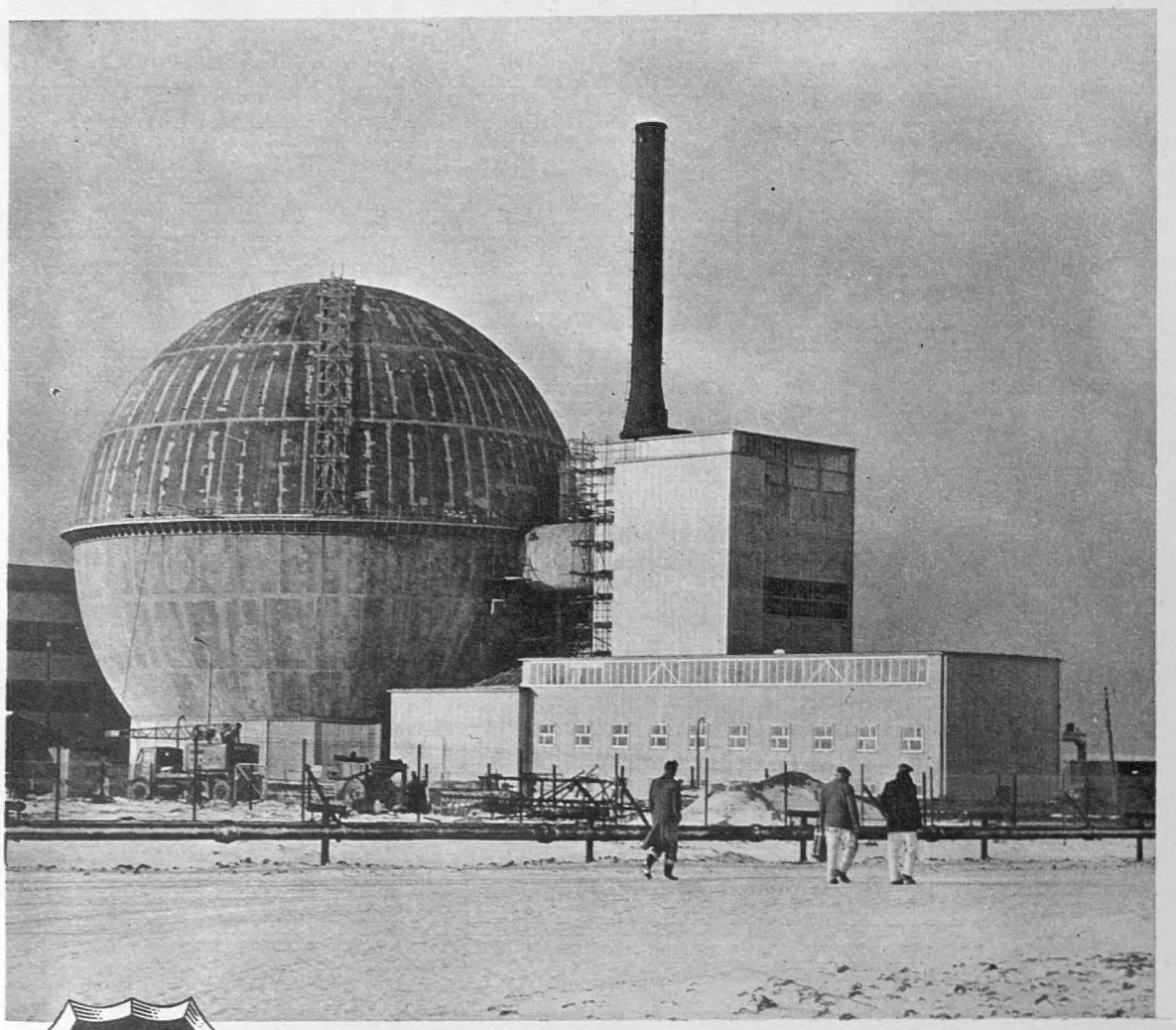

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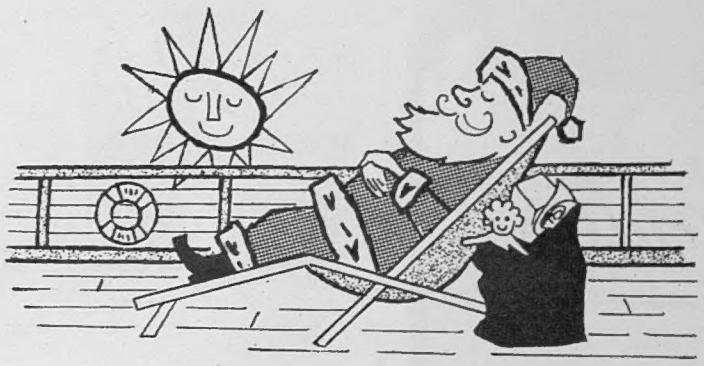

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Speaking for BRITAIN

What does Operation Britain mean to us?

AT HOME AND ABROAD, too little is known or even remembered of the great and active part that Britain plays today in the world. *We* feel it. *We* believe in it. But is this enough?

For what is Britain? She is neither more nor less than we, her people, make her. She is our united efforts; she is our pride; she is our energy, our wisdom and our talents.

Ours is a vital nation: and it is to tell of this vitality that we formed Operation Britain, gathering together eminent men from all parts of British life—experts in their own fields of activity: labour, management, government—united by their belief in Britain's future.

At home, we must look beyond our British understatements, and, seeing our real strength, build to greater strength. Abroad, we must ensure that our achievements are assessed at their real worth to the world and the world's future.

Ours is a heritage no longer bounded by the seas: ours is a vital role in world affairs. It is only by knowing this, each one of us aware of our real ability, that we can build towards the future that is our birthright—the world's birthright—a future bright with promise.

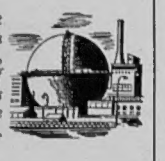
This is an Operation Britain announcement

It aims to tell the real story of Britain's achievements, to claim for the British people and for British industry the credit that is theirs: and by doing so to reinforce Britain's prestige throughout the world to the benefit of our trade and our standard of living.

The Operation Britain campaigns will appear in the press: as posters: in the form of articles and an information service to home and foreign press and broadcasting units: and are supported by the quarterly publication 'Speaking for Britain'—which goes to all parts of the world.

Operation Britain is a non-profit making non-political organisation. To carry out its nationally important work a steady income is needed, and firms are encouraged to join in the task by becoming Corporate members at the annual subscription of ten guineas: individuals may become members for the sum of two guineas.

Nuclear Energy. *The first artificially-induced atomic fission took place at Cambridge, England, in 1932. British development of nuclear energy for industry has been the first to bear fruit in the world's first atomic power station.*



Electricity. *Electricity as we know it derives from the experiments of British scientist Michael Faraday. Today Britain has the world's most closely integrated electricity supply network: one atomic power station already in service, and eleven more under way.*

Television. *The first public Television service in the world opened in Britain in 1936, based on British inventions and development.*

Jet Power. *British jet engines are the most powerful in the world: British jet engines are the basis of the Western air forces: British propeller-turbine aircraft are winning world markets.*

Corporate membership - 10 gns. Personal membership - 2 gns. Write for details of membership to THE OPERATION BRITAIN ORGANISATION
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